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FROM BABEL TO BROTHERHOOD

FREDERICK HENRY DENMAN



RLF



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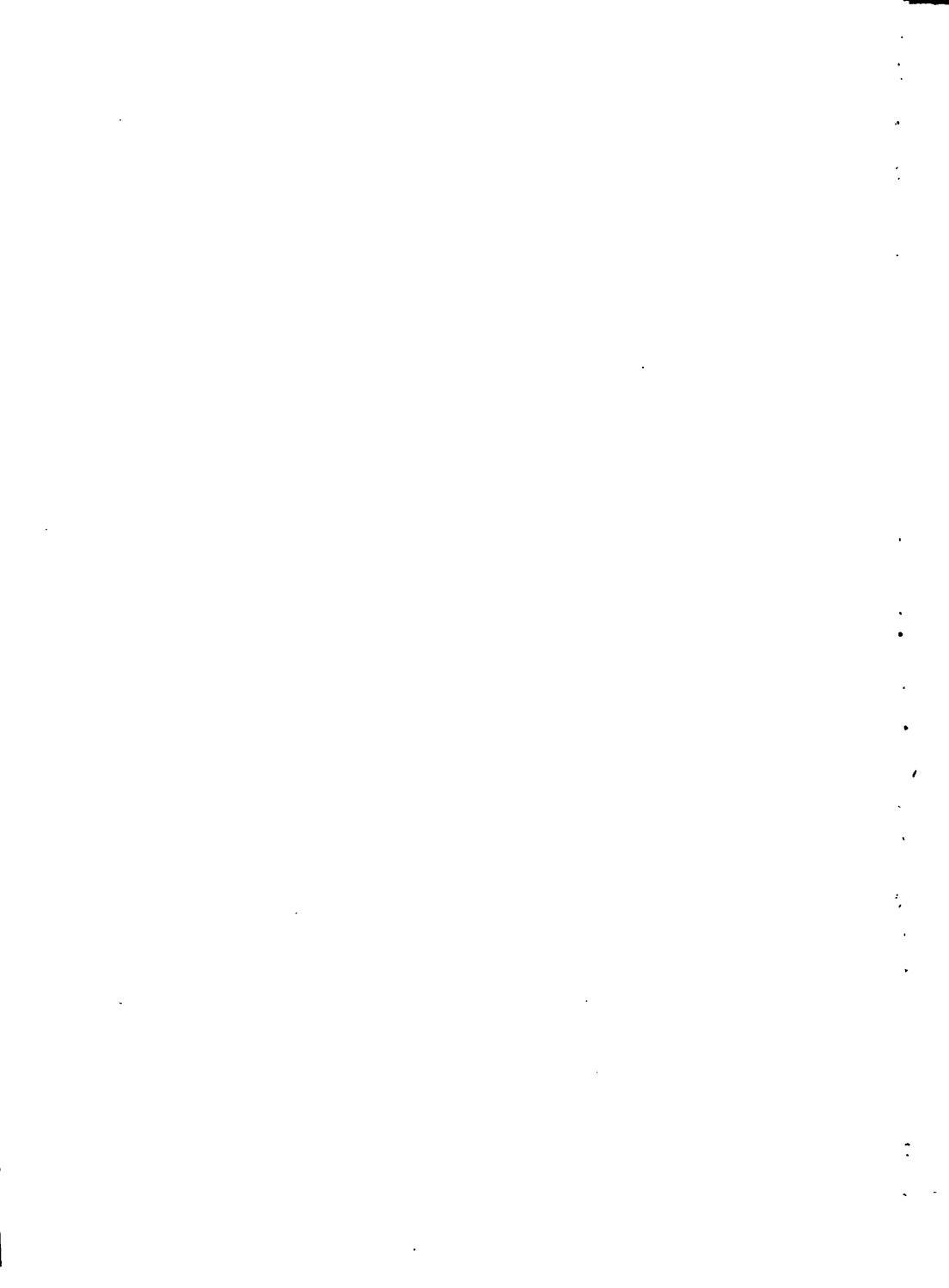
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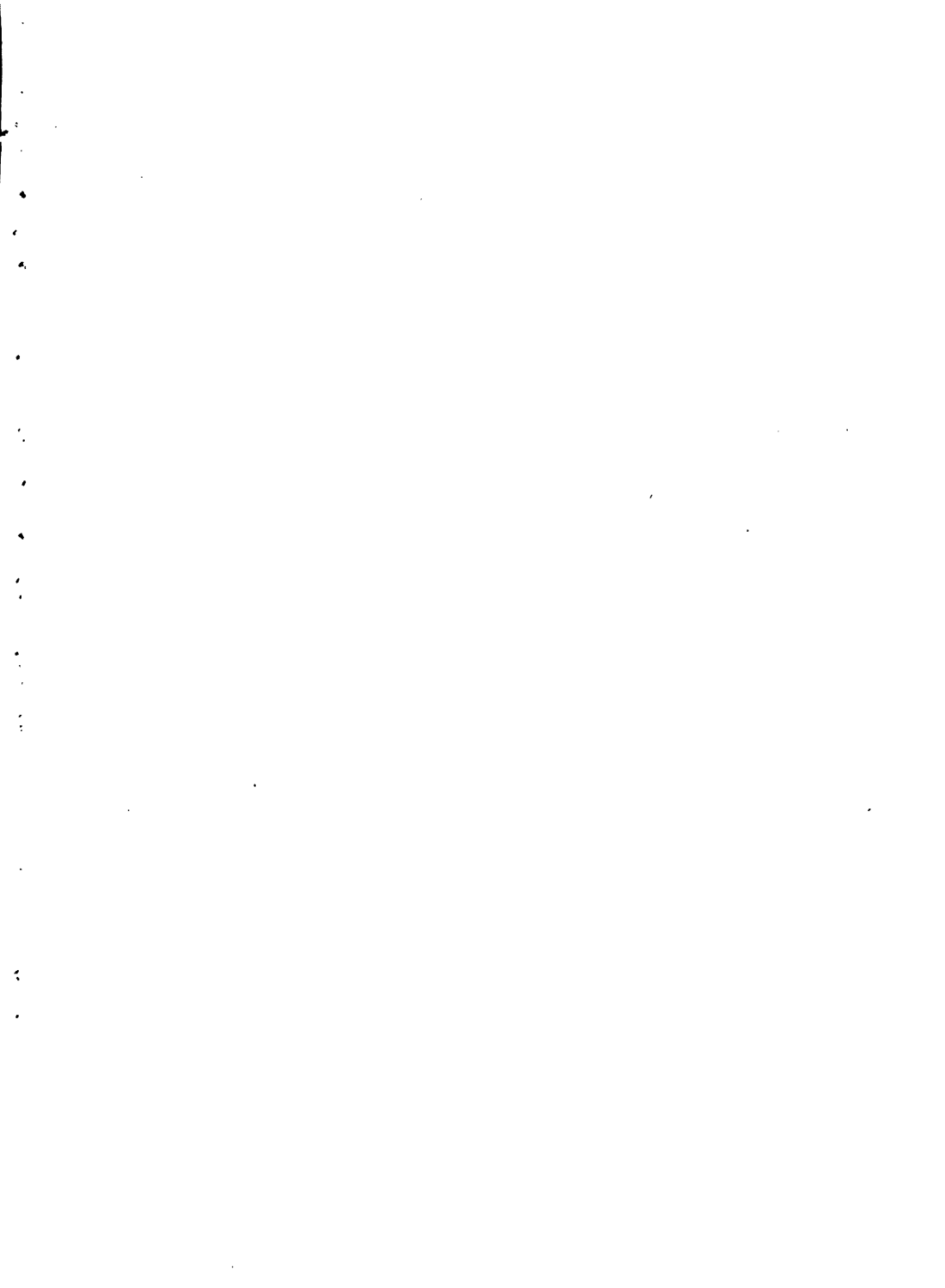


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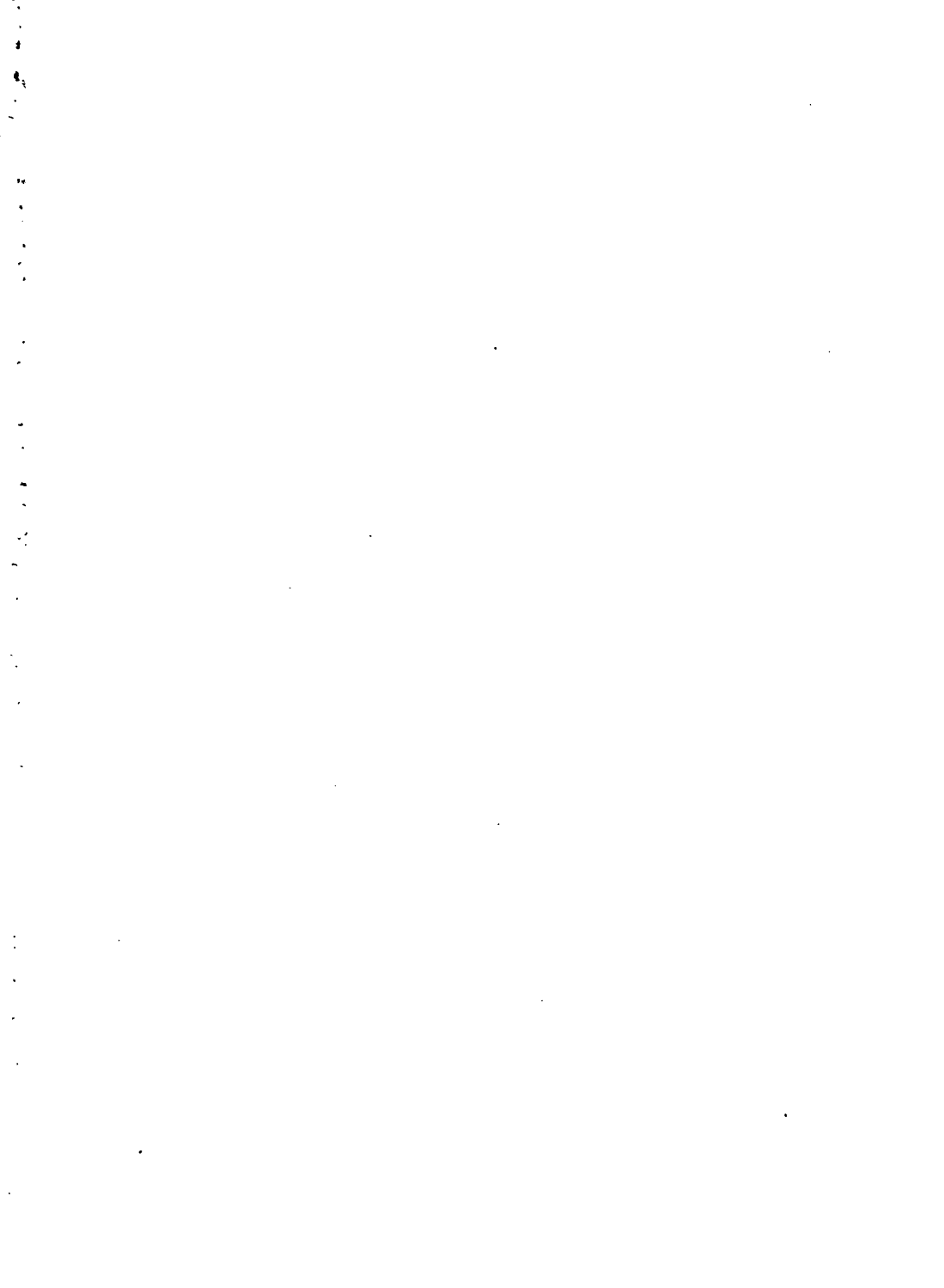
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From Babel to Brotherhood



FROM BABEL TO BROTHERHOOD

By

Frederick Henry Denman



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To the Memory
of
My Father
WILLIAM MILLER DENMAN

A Christian Gentleman

*whose tender love, active charity, radiating
geniality and boundless enthusiasm in all
good works endeared him to all and made
him to me an inspiration and example
and my most intimate friend*

I dedicate this work.

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Argument

THE race of men inhabited the earth enjoying all its fruits with unrestricted liberty of action. Instead of using their gifts, they abused them; and instead of devoting their lives to right living and the worship of the Creator and Provider of their benefits, man forgot God, became licentious, vain and debauched. Only one man, Noah, when God spoke, listened to His voice. God instructed Noah and then sent a devastating flood which, excepting Noah's family, wiped out all living beings from the earth. The race of man was then renewed through this one man and his three sons, upon whom God placed his hope. After a time their issue had increased and stories of the Flood disturbed their minds. They sought to build a tower and thus thwart any like attempt to destroy men by a flood. They argued, but at last were all

TO VINU ANGOLIAO

agreed. They started work, and though God warned them, they worked on. At last God sent the Confusion of Tongues, and hatred for their kind drove them apart. They wandered over all the earth. Those staying nearest soonest began to acquire some degree of culture. Time progressed, nations rose and fell, hate dominated men in all their relations. The Hebrew race was created by God in order to exemplify the value of His law. A Redeemer was promised to this nation. They kept the letter of the law but failed to see its significance. Christ came and taught the Law of Love. The people of His race were his worst enemies. A church grew out of those that accepted His faith. It served its purpose for a time. Europe's people came under its influence only to rebel against its tyrannies and doctrines when the Scriptures were revealed. Finally America was discovered. Representatives of every race went there. They learned that cooperation with each other was helpful. They brought the nations to friendship, and finally the Law of Love, worked out from economic uses and through a common language, brought men as one again to worship God.

FROM BABEL TO BROTHERHOOD



DISOBEDIENCE

OF all God's children there was only one
Who sought to hear and mind his Father's voice
Upon the earth. Long time before man's birth
God had looked forth upon His mighty work
And in the beast, the plant, had found it good.
But all possessions that delight the sense
Failing to satisfy the father heart
He said "Let us make in our image man
That our dear child shall sweetly worship, love
And serve us, and that we shall evermore
Enjoy the savor of his gratitude
And dear affection." Thus the parental heart.
But like his offspring, disobedient man,
The Father came to feel a child's neglect,
Unthankfulness and wanton disregard.
Although in all things bountifully blessed
Our primal parents wanting nothing but,

From Babel to

That more than worthless nothing thus removed
From them by God's inhibitive command,
Could not refrain from disobedient sin;
Thus for themselves provoking God's just wrath
And for their progeny a lasting curse.
Unable after this to reinstate
Themselves in the Deity's regard,
And listening only to their lustful thought,
Forgot their Maker and grew cold in love.
Only a few removed for God's own use
Still served Him and obeyed in deed and thought
The Father's just commands. The residue
Filthy and lewd, dishonored the fair form.
Offended at the horrid spectacle
The Almighty's spirit would not always strive
With men that would continually sin.

ONE man and one alone of all the Earth
Would listen when his Heavenly Father spoke,
So hopeful of a better race through him,
God showed to Noah the divine intent.
At last it seemed that one man would obey;
The voice of God was heard at least by him.
Taunted and jeered at by his fellow men
This new selected father of the race

Worked by God's order and directed plan
Until at last was finished the great craft
That should contain each kind of creature life.
Through Adam's disobedience, sin had come;
Noah obeyed and hope grew out of this.
Dreadful the scourge that fell upon the Earth
As unremitting torrents drowned the land.
The helpless beast, all creeping things and man
Alike were overwhelmed, alike destroyed,
While Noah only with his little band
After the Flood's subsidence ever saw
The light of day. A landscape terrible;
Foul meadows soaked with filthy ooze
And steaming hillsides vaporous and bare
Flooding the rain soaked vales already full
With torrents that rushed on incessantly.
The stinking carcasses of man and beast
In loathly contact with their works reposed.
Then for encouragement and for a sign
The Almighty by the rainbow promised man
That not again should all the Earth be drowned
And by that emblem stimulated him
To efforts with assurances of hope.
Slowly again, but with their hope renewed,
The families worked and founded their new homes.

From Babel to

Courage succeeded faintness and despair
As added years saw increase multiply;
While generations with their long-lived sires
In leisurely employment prospering
Reared new communities in which to dwell.
But as before the Flood wrong had prevailed,
So now it was not wholly blotted out.
Noah, intemperate from his home-made wine,
Gave opportunity for that which caused
His son to be accursed, and all his seed
To be outcast of man except to serve.
Increasing numbers peopled now the Earth
Spreading abroad and making life again
Seem as it had before the chastening Flood
Whose mem'ry, to the exclusion of God's word,
Continued to o'ershadow all their thought.
Years passed away, cities were built and all
Had once more taken on the usual life;
But ever the sons of Noah talked with fear
Of future floods. At last their fear took form
And then a mighty enterprise was planned.

By appointment to a designated place
From all abroad the people of the Earth
Came to confer upon the subject of

Their fearful dread and how they might provide
Means to escape again from a like fate.
The assembly of the Earth's progenitors
Obsessed as one race of a single thought,
The Earth's first parliament assembled then
Upon the plains of Shinar, there to scheme
Salvation, by some plan to be devised,
Against another chastisement of God.
Speaking one language, but unskilled in art
Of making laws, they crudely shaped rough rules
For carrying on in order their debate.
At last they came to indicate that all
The heads of families should alone be heard,
And these accordingly from all apart
With serious mien distinguished from the rest
Set forth their fears and for their safety planned.
Crafty and shrewd but eagerly intent
None wished the first initiative to take.
At last rose one more daring than the rest,
Nimrod, the hunter, chafing at delay
Forward in all things, first addressed his peers:

"Here have we come my brethren and friends
To urge each other by resource and skill
To work for our advantage and our sons'.

Far have I traveled up and down the earth
Hunting the beasts, and from their rocky nests
Shooting the eagle and the albatross.
But on the mountain summit and the plain
Alike are seen the visit of that flood
That overwhelmed the Earth and cursed our race.
Men that are strong should have their way
Nor let occasion, as it did before, swallow us up
Leaving to chance their fate. Are we not Gods
To govern all things else? Why not ourselves?
Who is to interfere?"

Thus Nimrod spoke,
And murmured approbation met his words.
Then up rose hoary Shem, old Noah's son:

"Well ask ye if we may not do our will?
Listen, and of my own remembrance I will tell
Of things I saw, nor understood till now.
My beard is gray, my strength is less than his
Whose words you now applaud. But in my youth
Full well I held my own with spear and bow;
Traveled I, too, throughout the bounteous land,
Climbing steep mounts and in the lowly plains
Visiting cities of great size and fair.
The farmer brought his kine from the lush fields

And sold them in the market place. Traders
Sold their wares, men came and went, and all
Seemed fair and joyous. Strong men there were, too,
Giants, to whom we would seem as naught.
The maidens danced with them; the elders looked
And sipped their wine, unheedful what all did
So it did please them. Visions have I seen
When riotous grew the dance from heady wine
That would astonish you were I to tell.
Thus spent their lives that lived before the Flood
Earth's children, whom I knew and lived among,
Answering some chiding of an ancient one
'Are we not gods? Shall we not do our will?'
One day, however, at the hour of dusk,
My father bringing back his pastured flock,
Showed by his visage that his mind was stirred.
Strangely at us around the board he looked,
And started when we asked him his concern.
Nothing he answered nor vouchsafed reply
Until one day I followed him apart,
And in a clefted rock I saw him kneel.
Startled, I stopped, for though alone,
He seemed to speak to some one. On his face
There shone a light that in that dark retreat
Was like the day. N'er had I seen him thus.

From Babel to

Fainting almost, with shaking hands I stood,
But while I could not hear could comprehend
A Presence. I seemed to thrill with strange
Sensations pulsing through my veins, until
It faded and my heart grew still with fear.
Then came my father forth and saw me there.
I hastened to him, asked him what it was?
To whom he spoke? Why did he look so strange?
Then sitting by me he unfolded there
That God (I wondered who he meant), had spoke
Had warned him of the dreadful sins of men.
How he had made the Earth and all besides,
Created beast, and bird, and at last man;
That God, through Adam's sin, had lost man's love
And now that Adam's race becoming vile
By their obscene and proud, offensive ways,
Determined Him to start the race anew.
That from a chosen seed in virgin soil
And nourished there the Earth might grow
With better life from this selected spear,
God had selected Noah that from him
Such men should spring, that when His Spirit spoke
They should obey His voice and not contend.
With bated breath I heard my father's words
Nor understood them. Who was this great God

That spoke without a sign, whose Spirit vast
We did not know? Was it perchance, (the thought
Came o'er my mind), was it His Spirit that
When tempted to voluptuous dance and route,
Restrained me from the wanton act? Had I
Left in me something of that tender spark
Unrealized till then? The rest you know.
I only say 'Do what you will, but know
There is a God whom no one ever saw
With whom great things are small and weak ones great.
He will not tolerate unchastened pride;
Do what you will, but know you are not gods."

A SILENCE as of death was over all
As ancient Shem's experience was told,
Nor was that silence broken for a time
As each one in his thoughts could recollect
The knowledge that he too had sometime felt
Strange movements in his heart that chided him.
Then rose a young man dark of hair and skin
With sinewy form,—Cush, eldest son of Ham.

"You listed well my friends to Shem's wierd tale,
And now you sit supine and dream again.
I know the story for I've heard it oft

From Babel to

From all my father's family many times.
You know me too, you know my father's curse
But what of that? Must we serve you and yours?
You cannot prosper but we share your good.
You have the care, we have our clothes and food
You find the means, our part we will not shirk."

Then answered Javan, skilled in building: "Hark
To my counsel. Much have we talked and long;
Why waste we longer time? I, like bold Cush,
Well know the story of this fabled God
Who comes to men in dreams. My square and plane
Have never found His place. Nor have my hands
With plummet or with axe discovered Him.
Strange fancies fill the minds of shepherds who
Alone beneath the vaulted blue sit quiet
And muse and count the stars or watch for signs.
Practical men who deal in facts not dreams
Construct not fancies filled with chambered ghosts;
We build of stern materials we can touch.
My counsel to you then is simply this:
The plain on which we now are met is fair,
High, level, spacious, with resources which
Will furnish all our requisite supplies.
Here let us then with well considered plan

Erect a tower, a tower so great and high
That it will hold innumerable store
Of all things useful to our utmost need;
That it will hold us all and all our flocks
Alike provisioned for unlimited
Abode. Then if a flood again shall rise
We too may rise with it and stay above.
Shall we not with a single purpose work
Unitedly against some new calamity?
We shall do that that seemeth to us best
Nor any God o'erthrow our cherished plan.
What say you? When shall we commence the work?"

Loud shouts of approbation met his words
Pledging their potent aid to Javan's work.
The men of Earth had now a leader and a plan
Nothing beyond this would they see or care.

BABEL

PROUD man, with reason blessed, now feels secure
Untaught by lessons past, dares God again.
Details are now made ready for the work,
Labors divided, while the skilled Javan
Directs his cohorts through their chosen heads
Then lays he out with calm precision there

From Babel to

A plan enormous for the Tower's great base.
Bricks are prepared and trenches dug, while all
With utmost energy commence the work.
But as their work commences, suddenly
The thunder roars, a lightning flash above
Their very heads comes from the heavenly vault.
The earth shakes and the quivering plain
A moment seems to rock beneath their feet.
They stop and look about appalled, for naught
Gives evidence of a storm. Fearful they gaze
Until with threats and chiding they are urged
By Javan to take up again their work.

“Is this the way men act who can control
All things? Are we not able to withstand a storm?”
No storm approached, but soon a mighty wind
Beat over all the plain, and still no cloud
Betrayed the presence. Then a sickening calm
When every sound of nature hushed, and all
Around a brooding silence seemed to hold
The voices of the field. This they endured,
And now contemptuously, with heads erect,
They waited long enough to understand
Their chief's commands, indifferent to fear.
Progressed their work now with unabated zeal.

Laboring bands each pressed th' appointed task
While caravans brought ample stores of food,
Apparel and necessities required
For maintenance. The toil went on apace.
An almost frantic energy replaced
The former idle, pleasure-seeking life,
And all mankind was restless to outdo
His fellow in this all consuming work.
The visible evidence of this labor now
Assumed a gratifying shape and size.
Rising above all neighboring heights, it stood
A prophecy of man's creative power.
All that were not assembled at the work
Were helping by some other means the end
Sought jointly by the new created race.
All Earth's inhabitants a common cause
Made of this plan to shame the Deity.

PROVOKED, again the indulgent Parent saw
The sons of Noah not alone defy,
But doubt His promise and His spoken word.
Refusing homage, gratitude and love
And disobedient spite of benefits,
God's voice they would not hear, or hear it, heed.
Along this way rearing their mighty tower

From Babel to

The race of man toiled patiently, each day
As misers hoarding gold they saw increase
The pile to monstrous size; but, miser-like,
Its greater size increased their lust for more.

DEEP in the work one day as heretofore
Great Javan with authoritative tone
Gave his directions in th' accustomed way
To his assistant, Cush. The work had reached
A point requiring all their utmost skill.
What then was the surprise of Cush to hear
Such words from Javan's lips as n'er before
His ears had heard or now could understand.
Amazed, he answered asking their intent,
While Javan fixed him with intolerant gaze.
A while they stood thus, then again essayed
To speak, but neither understanding other's words,
Till, smarting at what each supposed a jest,
They both sprang from their place of conference
Ready with angry word to wreak revenge
Upon the others who could not resent
The chastisement of blame from either chief.
No sooner had their vision reached the work
Than anger turned to wonder when they saw
All work had stopped. Some men stood helpless;

Some, running to and fro, made strange a scene
So lately pregnant with combined attempt.
Voices were raised, man screamed at man in vain
Trying to make each other understand.
Mad with their effort, a wild noise arose
Of all in different jargon,—mad they yelled
While Cush and Javan, who would quell the noise,
Themselves became embroiled, and, like the rest,
Added their angry shouts to Babel's din.
Man could not understand his fellow man;
Brother his brother could not make to know
His meaning. None could comprehend a word.
Then fear took hold upon the trembling host;
Families assembled, separate each from each,
And tried in whispers now converse to hold.
Thus passed some days, but stranger it became
As men found their ability to speak
Grow less, and words gave place to awkward signs,
Till finally on them fell such great alarm
That some, assembling necessary goods
Started away—they knew not where—away
From sight and sound of things so full of dread.
As days went by, others departed too,
Unable to resist the impulsive fear,
Desiring naught, and loathing only man.

From Babel to

Nor was it only at the tower the curse
Fell on mankind. It fell on all who worked
For the unholy cause. Thus everyone
Was in like manner cursed, for all had toiled,
Contributing in some way to the work;
Sinning alike in every industry;
Shepherd, farrier, farmer, tanner, all
Because contributing to the shameful deed.
The voice of God they would not understand
When in the past He spoke or gave them signs.
Vile rites before their idols gave them joy,
And filled them with that satisfaction which
Worship of some sort yields to God's offspring.
His pure word and that spiritual power
Of life, of truth, of love that from Him grow,
Served not the lustful uses of these men.
Now they lost every interest in the past,
Nor speech nor language could they understand.
Some stayed about the cursed, part-built tower,
But most of all Earth's people terrified,
Joined in the exodus to leave behind
The sight of things that would at all remind
Them of a work so fatal to their hope.
Too brutish, most, to apprehend the cause,
Or that God's wrath administered this rebuke,

They only fled to leave behind their fear
Each effort to assuage which made it worse.
Words meant for consolation, fear provoked,
And frenzied horror froze their very lips.
Silent they went then, scattering everywhere,
Going as if pursued; malign and dumb,
Avoiding all inhabited abodes;
Living upon the wild growths of the Earth,
And only stopping as their strength gave out,
Or as they thought themselves safe from pursuit.
Of time they lost all count, lost all regard
For former kinds of work. Their former thoughts
Seemed lost with loss of speech; and all the arts
Had, with the one thing that distinguished them
From others of the Earth's creation, speech,
Passed from their minds. Man's second fall had come.
Nothing remained but that intuitive sense
That causes families to protect their young.

DISPERSION

THE sons of Japhet, sons of Shem and Ham
Took different courses and went various ways,
Again dividing into smaller groups, as on
They wandered in the World's first exodus.
Without design or knowledge of their path,

From Babel to

Losing all culture, skill, and thoughts acquired
Through man's long residence upon the Earth,
They lived like beasts, nor sought a better life.
Except that instinct of the untamed beast
One only thing remained of memory:
The feeling that a Deity must be.
Years followed years as slowly trooped along
Earth's children. Hating each the other's sight
Stopping somewhere awhile, then going on,
Never content to stay in one place long.
South went the children of unhappy Ham
There to be separate, in a continent
But little likely to invite pursuit.
East journeyed such of Shem's descent
As stayed not near, with some of Japhet's sons,
The place of fatal sin. The other race
Westward took up its way, and slowly went
By devious routes to continents unknown.
Reduced to savagery they kept no law,
They kept no record of the way they took.
They could not speak intelligible words,
Nor write, nor yet perform the simplest act
Of husbandry, mechanics, or of art.
All things must be learned anew by these,
The sons of men, who, by presumptuous sin,

Lost knowledge when they all defied its source.
“Are we not gods?” they said—truly God’s sons
Dependent on the Father for all things.
The Giver for their sin took back the gift,
And knowledge perishing, they perished too
In all save future possibilities.
Years multiplied, new generations born
Came into being ’mid environments
Remote from former civilized restraints.
Forming in tribes which constantly kept small
By warfare, accident, and foul disease
Induced by enmity and ignorance.
O’er all the earth they went by slow degrees
Remaining alien to each other tribe.
In physical characteristics they became
Unlike each other. So in rude acts too
They learned in different ways to maintain life
And slowly to construct some sort of speech
To assist though rudely needed intercourse.
Centuries passed and those that dwelt apart,
After a nomad life in different climes,
Became in face, in manner and in speech
Repulsive to all others of the race.
Instead of mutual interest, as before,
Now every man opposed each other, and

From Babel to

Tribe was at war with tribe, and man with man.
Thus man's dispersion and his second fall,
Fruit of presumption and idolatry.
Failing to heed his Father's holy word,
He lost the good that from obedience flows.

ONWARD the Earth in its majestic course
Thro' space fulfilled its great Creator's will.
Abundant life teemed round the lovely globe
While seasons passed in fruitful plenty filled.
Each Summer an increased luxuriance,
Made fecund by the force within itself,
Supported life new made from out the old,
Nor lost, but seemed to gain, as time went on,
From nothing but itself, from out itself.
Thus had it been, as from the hand of God,
He set it forward on its course complete,
Equipped and perfect by appointed plan,
Endowed with life and peopled o'er with life.
Nothing but man had disobeyed God's word,
Tho' through the ages some had changed their form.
But man's indomitable energy
Nourished by hope, and seeing life again
Assume somewhat its former character,
Began anew to build for permanence;

Building at first rude huts of mud and clay
And later, houses of a nobler sort,
Until at length, about their fated plain,
Fair Babylon, a city great took form.
Nor were the other wanderers of the earth,
In course of time, less skilful or alert.
Ninevah, Ur, and Egypt's fertile plains,
Raised cities from the toil and skill of those,
Who, in these places, stayed their wanderings.
While subtle priests devised for craving hearts,
A multitude of suppositious gods.

CLOSE by the Nile, which brought to Egypt's plain
The rich deposit, that, to them who dwelt
Along its banks, gave wealth and food, there rose
The beauteous Thebes. Statues and buildings fair,
Grand ways and stately temples, gardens broad,
Were wrought out in one vast impressive whole.
Proud of its beauty, there were gathered here
Sages and scholars, craftsmen, soldiers, priests,
To whom the king, his valor to proclaim,
Had published his intent to hold a feast
Of all most bountiful, of such extent
The world should wonder at his wealth and state.
The time brought with it, from afar and near,

From Babel to

A multitude to praise him. All who would,
Were welcome here to view his awful power
And to partake his hospitality.
Among the groups that dined, or sat at ease,
Sipping their wine, and offering their praise,
The king walked unattended in his pride,
To listen to that sound, than none more sweet,
Which told his virtues or his valor sung.
This grateful homage soon began to cloy
As with excessive flattery, he felt
A loathing for the well-fed sycophant.
His wandering led him finally apart,
And by a tree he sat him down to rest.
Unnoticed, at the first, he caught the sound
Of nearby voices holding discourse grave.
He wondered if they talked of him—and if,
Not knowing he were near, what they would say.
Closer he drew, but kept himself concealed,
And quick he recognized the speaker's voice,
As that of Haran, chief among his priests.
“How say you that our king is not a god?
Does he not triumph over all mankind,
And wring unwilling fealty from his foes?”

“ ’Tis not alone his prowess” answered one

The king well knew for Menlik chief of seers,
"His deeds are great, as worthy Haran says,
And valor flows from him as flows the Nile,
But back of that, and stimulating all,
Are visions that come not to other men.
Is he not greater than ourselves, or you
Who scorn his wisdom, while you eat his food?"

The answer, made in measured tones, revealed
A stranger's voice: "My learned friends, give ear,
I honor your beloved king, and now
Confess myself astonished at his power.
Far from the East I came your place to see,
Which much surpasses in its elegance
All stories that have traveled o'er the earth.
Here I find wondrous carvings, temples great,
And wealth untold. As in my country, too,
I find that you, give homage to your gods.
Amen and Ra, Osiris, Isis, Set
With you are worshipped. Other gods have we
Whose attributes and power, we deem most high.
Let us not quarrel over differences
Where faith gives comfort and our worship peace.
My argument denies that men are gods."
Thus spoke the stranger and with quiet reply

From Babel to

The wiley Menlik said: "Why if the fish,
The cat, the moon or sun can typify
Spirits to our pure minds, then why not kings?
May there not dwell in certain living things
Some god who thus selects them for his use,
And place of choice abode? What higher place
Than that where now reposes sovereignty?"

"Hear me with patience," spoke the stranger's voice,
"Nor seek unfairly to construe my words.
Whether your gods exist, save in your thoughts,
Or dwell in animals, supposed or real,
I do not know. But everywhere I've gone
Among mankind, one thing I ever find,—
That man by impulse does a god require,
Some being high and greater than himself.
Why gods should choose to take the form of cats,
Or bulls, or should devise some hideous shape,
Performing deeds revolting, foul and base,
I know nor care not. Here your women live
In honor, love and happy chastity.
Your men are strong, intelligent and clean,
And in the breast of each, there is a cry
For some great spirit greater than himself.
Impulse demands a god more strong, more wise

Than we ourselves, spirits both good and bad
That help or mar the labors of mankind.”
The stranger stopped as, fingers laid on lips,
The priest and seer arose, both bowing low,
Facing the king who walked up to the group.

“Resume your seats, my friends, and now forget
Our difference in rank while I discourse.
Your words refreshed my mind as all unknown,
I listen'd to your frank discourse of kings.
Sternly surrounded by a mighty state,
Authority and power within my hand,
The duties to my subjects do require
A god-like judgment and decision firm.
How often these same attributes conspire
To self-esteem and overweening pride,
You may not know. I know there comes at times,
A sense of weakness o'er my spirit, such
As you and every meanest subject feels.
Thus as to friends and equals, I confess
Myself to you as merely man, nor now,
Nor through the whole remainder of my life,
Will I permit myself to be esteemed
Or worshipped as a god.” The king arose,
Each rev'renced low and went his several way,

From Babel to

And for a time, worship of kings did cease.

REMOTER Africa strange cities held
 'Till wasting fevers, helped by cruel wars,
Destroyed those who possessed the hope and skill,
And races perished as their cities fell.
Eastward, great hosts had traveled on for years,
Nor stopped to rest, or build a lasting home,
Except, from time to time, a following few
Finding none following them, withdrew
Not for the purpose of repose, but hate
And the underlying wish themselves to separate
And keep apart from others of mankind.
These built, as time went on and they increased
Their tribal numbers undisturbed. The rest
Kept on and on. Thus by such slow degrees
Came they by tedious routes and hardships great
To spread abroad. Some in Arabia stayed
Some stayed in India while still more went on
Peopling the Southern islands and the North.
China its quota held—Japan, Ceylon
And even cold Siberia kept a few,
Tho' many of the host that went that way
Held on and crossed the narrow straits to land
Unknown before to any race of man.

These by the pressure of their hate kept up
The pilgrimage till over all the world
In separate places and in different zones
New tribes arose which, tho' from parent stock
Derived their life, their manners and their thoughts
Became by long environment and life
Apart from each, unlike each other in
Their mode of life, their language and their looks.
Throughout the world they ranged both East and West
Strangers through hatred. As the molten iron
That had been fused into a monstrous wheel
Burst suddenly into a million parts;
So had mankind by their Creator been
Formed into one great useful race to fill
The Earth and peacefully subdue all life.
But failing Him in love, their rev'rence lost,
Becoming lewd and then defying God,
Had, like the iron, through hatred burst apart
Into a million fragments each as hard
And separated almost hopelessly.
Strange mem'ries of the former times recurred
As tribes and races grew in different spots.
Thus in Peru as well as India
In North America and Africa
Men built them towers and mounds or homes in cliffs

From Babel to

But stranger still some sentiment endured,
Tho' crude expressed, that showed the same throughout;
Where e'er they went, however far dispersed
What e'er the climate, whether sea or mount,
Whether in nomad bands they lived alway
Without a settled home, or cities built;
Some form of worship was adopted which
Tho' false and ignorant and often cruel,
With idols representing their ideas
Always included some idea of God,
Some Spirit, Power or Force Divine above
Their own creation. This adhered throughout;
Never forgot they their offended God.
The Earth which held the scattered wreck of man
Still fair remained 'neath ravages and wars.

TIME passed and worked its great Creator's will
Through ages with obedient certainty.
Seasons of blossom followed winter's rest
Rank with increasing verdure undisturbed,
Save in such places as should live awhile,
A nation with enough strength to prevail
Against its enemies until at last
Internal weakness or a craftier foe
O'erthrew their cities or destroyed their fields.

God's hand was not withdrawn from men's affairs
Nor were their sorrows without grief to Him.
A fearful lesson their fierce hatred held
That must be learned by suffering penalty.
Little the change through all the ages past
That marked the ever disobedient man;
The lustful Adam typified the race.
No sooner left in peace, their wants supplied,
Themselves surrounded by an opulent land
Where comforts gave surcease to hardest toil,
Than riotous luxury took the place of war
Reducing strength to weakness, till once more
Vileness like that before the Deluge overcame
The strong. A nation died. A savage tribe
Like patient vulture waiting for its prey
Struck at the carcass till it gorged itself
On stinking flesh made doubly sweet because
Their erstwhile hatred savoured the repast.
Thus self-destructive man was left to do
His will upon the Earth until at length
The Father caused the lesson of his faults
To be administered through other means.
A race must live according to God's law
That all should see and know that which was best.
A visible example should be set

From Babel to

That by it should be learned the will of God
Which, if obeyed, would honor Him and bless
Those that should follow His divine command.

GAIN from all the race one chosen man,
A Abram, was called apart from land and home.
Out from a city with his wife and flocks
To open country separate from the rest
Where was revealed the purpose of his call.
His nephew, near in love, lost his belief
And sought a city where voluptuous sin
Was punished by consuming fire from God.
Abram apart was learning rapidly
From signs like these and from the voice of God.
The years passed on. A son was born to him
And this beloved child was made the test
Of his true faith which stood the dread ordeal.
Three generations passed. The incipient race
Kept true their faith in God until the fourth,
When hatred in them burned a brother's love.
Still out of this was made the means to help
The great Design. The hated brother kept
True to his faith and pure amidst the foul,
Lewd people that attempted his downfall.
Visions and their interpretations came

With added grace to make complete the man.
Through him the family came again to love
Him and each other, and the new race grew
Unchanged by time, by habit or by place,
The shepherds reared their families in towns,
The sons of Abram learned with ease a life
Seductive of their hope to found a race,
Environed first with easy luxury
They fell a prey to ruinous conquerors
And were made slaves in fact. Here as before
False gods were raised to represent man's lust.
Nothing of comfort, enterprise and skill
There lacked to demonstrate man's power of mind;
Beauty and power walked hand in hand with sin
Showing the creature's weakness in his strength.
False gods indeed! that gave, but giving, cursed
With gifts that lacked the spiritual truth,
The body perfect with an empty soul.
Mysterious providence intervened again
And from the Hebrew slaves brought forth a man
Raised high in Egypt's power, learned and wise,
Moses, the Friend of God, the god-like man.
Him God addressed beside the burning bush.
He heard the Voice, but Egypt's king would not;
Nor budding rod, nor oft repeated pest

From Babel to

Warned him to part with profitable slaves,
Until led forth across the parted wave
The waters joined above the following host
And Abram's race a separate life began.
Years in instruction from mankind apart
Were filled with disappointment and despair.
The slaves were slow to learn the perfect laws
But rather would return to fleshly ease.
The promised land, their leader's shining face,
The daily manna nor the following stream
Caused them to apprehend their part with God.
The weary leader viewed from Pisgah's top
The nation's home, while onward passed from sight
The generation slave-born, and their sons
Born in a new life, their new life to lead.
This people now their nation's life began,
Equipped with perfect laws, perfect in health
Through forced obedience over forty years.
Learning their lesson slowly but more sure
While all unconsciously through honest toil
And necessary abstinence they lost
The slave's lascivious weakness, and were men.
Men in their bodies, clean again and pure,
Untrained in mind, reliant still and slaves,
They faced the unknown future with weak heart

Almost afraid to follow Joshua's lead
Or fit to form a part of Gideon's band.
Slowly they pressed the people of the land
Back from the borders. Yet afraid they went,
Scarcely encouraged by a city's fall
Through sound of trumpet; or by halting sun.
The tabernacle's power, the priest's array
The Presence manifest in all their deeds
But slowly brought encouragement of mind
Or self-reliance through their faith in God.
Their self-reliance came to them at last;
Their kingdom under David seemed complete,
While that of David's son dazzled the World,
And Solomon excelled as Jewry's king.
Strictly their laws of health they always kept
With what results throughout all time appear.
Strictly with superstitious zeal they kept
The letter of the law as though to fail
In some particular observance would
Not dishonor God, but bring them harm.
Riches and power and self-reliance came;
The slaves were masters now, afraid of none.
God's chosen people for a chosen work
To show His perfect law exemplified;
To keep His word that all mankind should see

From Babel to

The benefit to such as honor Him.
Thus was brought forth for all the World to see
A mighty nation from a single seed.
On its behalf amazing things were done
That all the Earth should wonder at their God.
Their prophets spoke and quick fulfilment came
Naught could withstand them when their Ark led on,
While proofs unnumbered showed the Mighty Arm.
Ready to help them if they but kept faith.
Should not such evidence their foes convert
From Baal and false gods to the true faith?
How could it be expected when the race,
Chosen and led and brought to high estate,
Themselves grown arrogant from wealth and power,
Retained the forms but lost the saving truth?
Lustful and proud and over-confident,
Ignoring warnings from prophetic lips,
The Hebrew race increased but not in power.
To them had been committed sacred things
To be hereafter offered to mankind.
Conservators of sacred mysteries
To them revealed for universal use
Whereby thoughtful men amazed to see
Their mighty prowess should enquire its cause,
And, learning, seek themselves to know the truth.

No other nation ever had received
The help that to the Hebrews had been given.
Instruction in the mysteries of life
Accompanied by convincing proof from Heaven
Revealed God's purpose. He who ruled the Sun,
Who checked the river's flow, He spoke to them;
Called them His children and explained His law.
Told them from whence they came, their mission here
Unfolded the unseen, and raised the dark,
Impenetrable veil where ends this life,
Revealing everlasting joy beyond,
That hope should stimulate their faith and trust.
Promises rich in blessing they received
Conditioned only on their faithful care
Of sacred truth, conformance to His law
And tender love and duty to their God.
But slight return from those who could give naught
To God from whom came every gift in life.
Was the condition hard? The parent then
Found as before that as the child increased
The infant gratitude and filial love
Gave place to selfish chafings at restraint.
As wealth and power increased, unhealthy thoughts
Lascivious pleasures and increasing sins
Effaced their virtue and offended God.

From Babel to

Unto the Jew a promise had been given
That through his race all mankind should be blessed.
A King was promised who should rule the earth,
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord, the Son of God.
They looked for Him but never understood.
Selfish and proud they failed to apprehend
Aught save the gratification of their pride.
Unfaithful to their trust, conceited, vain,
Awaiting Christ to punish enemies,
Thinking His power their recourse for increase.
The power was Love—and thus the Holy King
Regarded equally all who chose to come
To Him as to a Saviour, not a King.
The Jew was honored but mistook his place;
He had committed unto him the charge
Of God's most holy word; and from his race
The Saviour was to come. Not of the Jew
Were these gifts separately to be availed,
But through him for the use of all mankind.
Self-blinded egotists they argued long
Who should possess exalted preference
When the new kingdom came and when they could
Look fondly down in scorn at gentile fear.
What wonder when the promise was fulfilled
They caused the Lord of Love be crucified?

The chosen people self-sufficient now,
Like all mankind that had preceded them,
Chose their own way to gratify their lusts
Instead of keeping pact. They listened not
To warnings of the present or the past.
Heedless alike of promised good or ill
As they obeyed or disobeyed their God
Their fall inevitably followed fast.

DISPERSED and captive where they late had ruled
The Jews then realized their great mistake,
And sought return to Palestine again.
This they might do but never rule the land.
New nations grew and flourished for a time
With wealth and power but soulless and impure.
Virile while poor they overcame with force
Repeating always what transpired before:
Strength, conquest, riches and a conquering lust
For weakening pleasure till their end should come.
If men were children, ignorant, untaught
Such constant failure might seem justified.
But hatred still impelled a course for each
That separated nations, as before
It separated individual men.

From Babel to

ROUGHLY the almost savage of the North
 Pressed by the cold, unfavored by the soil
Worked out a living with uncultured toil.
Roughly he lived and toiled and roughly too
He fought his neighbors and the savage beasts.
Like others of the race, his chosen land
Had held him for some reason in the North.
Instead of seeking ease he chose a life
Requiring labor for his heat and food.
Bruitish and fierce, the fair and lusty tribes
Developed strength, and of necessity
Became imbued with thrifty principles.
Neglectful of the finer arts of life
And warring constantly like bear and wolf
Their only virtue was their love of home.
They built no cities worthy of the name
But increased mid their wild environment
Till Northern Europe to Atlantic's shores
Held hardy tribes who fought, and worked, and grew.
Meanwhile great nations in the milder South
Came into the inheritance of time.
The Medes and Persians conquered Babylon,
Egypt was stripped of power by nomad tribes.
Greece came to life and with her birth
Commenced to grow the intellectual.

Fierce from the mountains and her wave-washed shores
Possessed of stern endurance and with minds
Opposed to luxury by reasoning sound
They practiced stoical endurance in
All their relations. Body thus and mind
Became the inspiration of the race.
They knew not God, but sought a god to know
As necessary to the logic of their life.
Their gods were multiplied to meet each thought
Relating to their various affairs.
The sun was deified, the planets too,
The ocean had its god, and every brook
And wood was peopled by a nymph, or Pan,
Or satyr,—gross or fair—as fitted its
Relation to their hazards and life's scenes.
Wiser than any that preceded them
These earnest students took the better course
For finding happiness among themselves.
Rewards of honor pleased them more than gold,
Fame earned by eager labor was not sold.
Her men were warlike, brave, innured to toil,
Not shunning labor but despising sloth.
Great in the arts, in language marvelous
They conquered for all time the sons of men
By wonders thus accomplished, though by arms

From Babel to

Their prowess failed before the strength of Rome.

HIGH over Athens rolled the golden car
Of glorious Phoebus who, on all beneath
At high medidian cast his ardent darts
Across the shore and wave. The sleeping sea
Old Neptune lulled, nor rocked the fleet
Of white winged vessels that its surface bore.
The mountains shimmered with a vaporous blue
While only torrents, flowing down their sides
Into the wooded valleys, spoke of life
Or waking nymphs. A rosy band of these
Brought to a noble grove their sweet incense,
Which cool and fresh, a shim'ring pool received
And held awhile. A marble Pan near by
Looked on complacent at his merry friends,
Forgetting for the time those awful deeds
That killed with terror and consumed with fear.
Beside the brook that softly purred beneath
Umbrageous trees and near the reedy pool,
Two men reclined at ease and held converse.
'The time has come,' said one, "when at this spot
Our comrades should with us unite, and tell
According to our well-considered plans,
The stories of their search for Truth. But hark!

Here comes Megasthenes with Xenophon."

"Welcome, my friends," said he who first had spoke,
"Your well-timed coming equals Phoebus' own
Who daily and each year performs his task
Unbroken by divergence from routine."

"Withhold thy praise, good Nestor, for a cause
More worthy than our keeping word with thee
And pious Archon. For if Xenophon
And I are faithful so are you. Therefore
You praise yourselves or think us less than you."

"Refrain, refrain dear friends, from this debate
Until at leisure we shall each unfold
The weightier matters of our conference.
Then for amusement or our mutual good,
We may with sophistry, or logic play,
Sharp'ning the weapons of our intellect."
Thus answered Xenophon and all approved.

Archon, the eldest, then with brief address
Arranged the order of their dialogue.
"First let us briefly but with rev'rent minds
Thank mighty Jove for his untiring care."
Each felt the just reproof, and each one bowed
Facing the holy mount on which reposed

From Babel to

According to their thought, this deity.
Restored to tranquil mind all then arose
While Archon called on Nestor to proceed.

“Ten times the snows of winter from the North
Have melted with the breath of tripping Spring;
Ten times Appollo from his highest seat,
Has now again with us appointment kept,
Since by our plan we severed here to meet
And here recount our search o’er all the earth
For Truth. Each went a different way. I went
By lot assigned to China. Long the way,
Unspeakable the hardships I endured
Going and coming. These adventures may
However be detailed some other time.
Suffice, that finally I reached the land.
Strange were the habits, stranger still the speech
Tho’ both of them by daily use I learned
By slow degrees to conquer. This at first,
Delayed my progress but was well repaid
For in my studies, mixed I with the poor,
The rich, the noble everywhere. The cities
Thronged with tradesmen, gave no better aid
Than men on farms, or boats that side by side,
Sluggishly drifted on the yellow tide.

Strange people these. Honest, kind and quick,
But lacking somehow in that upward look
Which an aspiring intellect reveals.
By patient enquiry and deep research
I ascertained that in their minds one thought
Held greatest prominence. Virtue they have
Nor will they tolerate the false nor weak,
Which of themselves would not alone suffice
To satisfy the mind. Another cause
I sought. Why do they not progress? And why
Tho' pure, industrious and good as we,
Have they not nearer reached our country's fame?
One answer only can I find for this.
Their chiefest thought is in the buried past,
In old traditions and ancestral law.
These fill their minds and satisfy their hope.
As if a man with twisted neck should walk
Seeing behind, not looking on ahead,
His pace is slow, uncertain, full of chance."
The traveler concluded thus his tale.

"Your words are few, dear Nestor, but your thought
Is clear as crystal. Possibly I may
Better succeed while fresh in mind I hold
Your lucid style." Megasthenes thus spoke.

From Babel to

His comrades urged him on. "We have no thought
Of self," said aged Archon, "nor esteem
Aught but our mission of great consequence."
Encouraged thus Megasthenes went on
With quaint descriptions of his awful toil
In reaching India. There had the lot
Determined his remote and toilsome work.

"It seems almost incredible," he said,
"That men should live like these. Hungry and poor
Beyond description. Having but a rag
To cover a starved body. Some are rich,
But these have naught in common with the rest.
Caste rules their actions, chokes their enterprise,
Nor is the flinty rock less yielding to the wave
Than this destructive, artificial line.
One man I met who sought to stimulate
The energies of torpid minds. Buddha,
A noble man, philosopher and sage."
"Permit, Megasthenes, one question here,"
Said Archon, "that your loving friends would ask
Were they, like I, ready to brave your wit.
The naked land like China feeds a race
More numerous than ours. What is this 'caste'
And whence its awful power?" Megasthenes

Made courteous reply: "Religion's laws
Have taught but one decree in India.
Society divided into parts
Makes separate each order from the rest.
First come the priests, next soldiers, then those men
That live by trade and deal in merchandise.
Below them in their order, is the slave,
Whose very shadow cast upon the food
Of one of higher caste, pollutes the dish.
Nothing in common have they, but as birds
Ordained by nature keep apart, the dove,
The eagle, chicken and the thieving crow,
Each feels repulsion for the other. So
In this enormous aggregate there dwells
No thought outside their own degree and kind.
The mind is starved—ambition is not known."

"How strangely like, but from a different cause
Are they and those that I have visited,"
Said Nestor. "Each has grown to fearful bulk,
Each as a child by fear and dread constrained,
One remains timid and the other chained."
"Now Xenophon, our critic, 'tis your turn
To unroll the covering of grimy soil
And show us there revealed, the tender shoot

From Babel to

Of Hebrew lore." Thus urged by Archon, he
Who was required, replied with fervent speech:

"Well say you 'grimy soil' and more beside,
Yet fascinating too. Something they have
I cannot well explain, that differs from
All that I've heard, or seen here or abroad.
Their race in Babylon is captive now
And studying them is difficult and slow.
At first I sought their history to know
And in that quest included nations, which
By near association, helped me to
Best estimate and equally appraise
Fable and truth. All ancient records show
From parched Arabia, through Egypt to
Euphrates' plains, some record of this race.
One God alone they worship and no form
This Spirit takes. No groves nor statues stand
To represent his likeness or abode.
Their race from wand'ring shepherds raised, became
Great and exalted—then alas, they fell.
But full of faith, tho' scattered far from home,
They keep their faith. Their laws are wonderful.
Strangest of all, their hope for one they call
A Christ whom all the world, they say, will come

To worship as its King." "How mean you, friend,"
Said Nestor, "that their laws provoke your praise
Above all others? Have we not devised
A system perfect and in form sublime?"
"Our laws are just, no doubt," the other said,
"But theirs contain, besides most wise decrees,
An inspiration that imparts ideas
Of more than satisfaction to the mind
And stimulates one's duty with a hope
Dynamic in its power. The race itself,
Tho' mixed with other nations, still retains
Its separate worship and its high ideals.
The Jew can dwell in Ninevah or Tyre,
In Greece or Babylon for centuries,
It makes no difference—he is still a Jew."

"From myths and legends you have sifted well
The kernel truth that underlies the whole
Design and fabric of each racial creed,"
Commented Archon, sage and well-endowed
With critic skill. "Your nice distinctions show
With sweeping glance the one important thing
In each contained. Well may I do, if with
No greater speech, our own beliefs I bring
By nice discrimination into light."

From Babel to

"Pray you proceed, dear Archon," Nestor said,
"With your comparisons in simple terms."

"As simple as I may and briefly too,"
Replied the seer. "My earnest thought has been
To seek all motives—every moving cause
That flows from inspiration, or grows out
Of custom. First, I find impulses form
Demands for something, answering the thought.
The sun, the earth, ourselves proclaim a god,
A moving cause or energy more great
Than human power. We deify the thought
Call the creator 'god.' Impulses too
For love, for action, sensual or pure,
Require more gods for every demand
Or to one god the added attributes.
Evil and good exist,—virtue alone
Is not sufficient for development.
Our 'stoic' school falls short in this, as do
The less illumined races of the East."

"What think you then," Megasthenes replied,
"Of that the Hebrews teach?"

"I cannot tell,"

Said Archon. "Possibilities exist
In their idea of god and in their scheme
Of doctrine so distinct, clear-cut and high,
Which separates their school and seems beyond
All others, that I fain would ponder o'er
Their writings with the hope to learn the source."

"**F**AIR Venus warns us that we 'trench upon
Her hour. The angry goddess will not hold
Us guiltless if in her despite we long
Consider other claims than hers. The day
Has faded while we talked and twilight now
In sable robes has wrapped the earth. Again
May we assemble many times to turn
The crystal Truth and catch the gleam therein."

Admonished thus by Xenophon, retired
These wise men to their several abodes.
Often again they met and Greece's past
Was made more glorious by their sacrifice.
Little men know of other men or tribes
Remotely dwelling from their place apart,
Nor often sought they for close intercourse.
Strangers were suspected, foreign tribes
Were enemies—while other nations were

From Babel to

Antagonists to conquer, or who would,
Finding them weaker, conquer them in turn.
A constant warfare waged throughout the world,
Intolerant of peace, destructive, fierce,
Like untamed beasts devouring in their strength,
Were smitten by a stronger in their turn.
Not learning from examples, worse than beasts,
Endowed with minds pregnant with mighty thoughts,
The race of man debauched by conquered wealth
Allied itself to sin instead of good,
While hateful acts induced its own downfall.
Rome, mightiest of nations, in her time
Rose, conquered, dominated, fell.
On larger scale, with more intelligence,
Longer possessed of power, lawmaker, she
Met the inevitable end of all who live
By force of sword and arm and burly strength.
The conquests of this nation carried far,
Brought knowledge of the northern tribes to Rome
Where shown in public fetes, their manly forms
Caused wonder as blue-eyed and fair of face
They seemed as dwellers in another world.
Not once nor twice the Roman legions strove
Against the fair barbarians of the north,
Till through defeat, they learned to hold their own;

The well-instructed slave his master beat
And from his conquerer learned himself to rule.
The separate tribes, dwelling apart till then,
Had of necessity made common cause
Against their common foe, and thus learned too
The power of friendly intercourse and help;
Not ready yet for cultivated life,
But fecund, lusty, strong, a virgin soil
Waiting the plowman and the fruitful seed.

ELSEWHERE abroad great tribes to nations grew,
But in their lives of indolence and ease
Failed to fulfil the duties of mankind.
Creeping with lazy pace they tilled their fields
Or lived on swampy growths at less expense
Of thought or toil. So unmolested by
Another race, their race was not destroyed.
They suffered small occasion for alarm
With poverty to guard them from man's lust.
Narrow in life and mean in sentiment,
Such of them as had glimmerings of light
Spoke for instruction, but th' illumined words
Fell on such sterile ground that naught but words,
Unmeaning forms and hazy thoughts remained.
With famished minds and bodies poorly fed

From Babel to

Lethargic nations, enervated hosts,
By climate and environment unmanned,
Their races gained in numbers, not in MEN.
The past was worshipped to the future's harm,
Sickly stagnation bred enfeebled hosts.
Eurasia thus and Northern Africa
Held the known peoples of the world;
Nomadic tribes and northern savages
Always at war and strong in savage might.
The cultured nations had by slow increase
Conquered the arts by persevering pains.
The time was ripe for planting the new seed
Which God reserved from earliest time till now.
The earth, through conquering Rome and Grecian skill
Was better known, and peoples though remote,
Unfriendly, cruel, and engaged in war
Now met the common conqueror, and through him
To some extent each other met and knew.
The Hebrew soil from which the seed should spring
Maintained religion as by God ordained,
But lifeless forms failed to attract mankind.
The time had come, the Son of God was born,
Born of the Jew, each prophecy fulfilled;
They knew him not as Saviour of all men,
And crucified the promised King of Love.

Unfulfilled dreams and disappointed hopes
The world-wide mission raised their fiercest hate;
Jealous of others sharing in their good
They lost through error the Divine reward.
Christ came to men and bore the precious seed
Sent by the Father for His children's life.
The seed was planted in the breasts of men
Few and unknown, despised by Greek and Jew,
But it possessed the quality of life
And had God's promise to fill all the earth.
This seed was Love,—man's love for God and man.

REVELATION OF LOVE

THE plans of God in simple majesty
Arranged, reveal His purposes, in that
The truth is simple and from error free.
The pride of life and lustful appetite,
The cankering weakness of a nation which,
Failing to know Him, thought with shortened gaze
The ultimate was pleasant selfishness,
Knew not the truth that giving makes us rich.
Richly the sons of men had gathered from
The earth all things that made for opulent
Increase. Wisely they used and wiser grew
In use of arts material, but as

From Babel to

At their dispersion, wisdom stopped at that.
Their little world was thickly sown with weeds
Rank with a heritage of hate, which choked
The thought for better things—conquest by force
Was all the fruit that in this garden grew
When first was planted this new seed of Love.
How might the warring nations and the tribes
Of savage warriors, led by jealous kings,
Be brought through Love to realize that all
Mankind were brothers? In his complex mind
Man held self-interest as the spring of life.
How could the selfish instinct meet with Love
And love endure save in a feeble few,
Who counted all things lost if they lost Christ?
With yearning hearts the sad disciples saw
The risen Christ depart. His work was done
But theirs was just commenced, as now alone
They waited for a sign. How would they know
The Holy Spirit's voice that should reveal
God's presence and assurance of support?
Their mission was world-wide among all men
Of every sect, nation, language, speech.
Sadly they met but yet without despair,
Full of abiding faith with purpose firm,
Waiting the Comforter their promised guide.

The pentecostal blessing came at last
With prophecy and hope unknown before,
Filling them with the Spirit's unctious power
That gave them consciousness of strength
Potential for the accomplishment of work
Surpassing any yet required of man.
The Spirit spoke, and all there understood,
Yet stranger still when they that heard gave voice
To that impelling message, all that heard
Could understand as though the words were spoke
To each one in his native mother tongue.

THE pride of Rome—exalted Emperor—
 Marcus Aurelius held within his grasp
The government and destiny it seemed
Of all the world. No worthier than he
Of all that followed or that went before,
Could have been chosen for so great a place.
He realized the ideals of a king
And bore his burden uncomplainingly.
No thought of self-aggrandisement alloyed
His purity of purpose. Not the least
Of his high attributes was constant work.
With willing heart he sacrificed himself
With cares of state, and in his leisure found

From Babel to

Most pleasure in the research after Truth.
Seeking this light he left no place or means
Untried. "Fail not," he said, "to let me know
Of anything however small or strange,
Nor fail to bring me word of any new
Philosophy or school."

Toward close of day,
When weary from official toil and tired,
One came to him with word that an appeal
To Cæsar had been made. Some Jew, it seems,
Who suffered punishment for stirring up
A fomentation at a distant part,
Had claimed protection as a Roman born.
"Where is he now?" the Emperor enquired.
"Within the palace prison, sire," said one.
"Bring him to me." The Emperor was tired
And heavy lines impressed his kindly face.
"What seek you here? Why trouble you our state?"
Aurelius asked with roughness well assumed.
The kneeling man arose. With modest look
But unabashed replied with accent grave:

"Despise me not, great Cæsar, nor prejudge
My cause from those that do accuse, unheard

Tho' born a Jew and zealous for that faith,
Like Paul, I saw a light that changed my life.
For preaching Jesus as the Christ I now endure
The hatred of the Jews, and as with Paul
A century ago, am now accused
Most falsely by my race, of crimes against
Our glorious country and against yourself."

His grave composure pleased the Emperor.
Here was a chance to learn. To sift from one,
A willing sacrifice to faith, the seed
Of thought that governed and inspired a sect.
"You are a 'Christian' then," Aurelius
Demanded of his visitor. "Yes, sire."
"And have you not," the Emperor went on,
"Of fearful punishment both heard and seen
Enough to satisfy your appetite for more?
Must you, a man of sense, invite a doom
Of worst devised torture, for your faith?"
The Jew looked down—shuddered—then raised his eyes.

"Truly, my Emperor, I fear the mentioned doom,
And would by every means avoid the pain
But for a greater fear that makes this less.
One died that all might live, and if I die
A flaming torch, or as a feast for lions,

From Babel to

I die. But I shall live again. But if
I live by now recanting faith, I shall
Twice die. O Christ! sustain me in my need.
Forgive me, Sire, forgetful of respect
To thee. Pronounce my doom but first accept
As from a Roman born, submission true
To governmental rule. For that I came.
I am not guilty of th' imputed crime
Of treason or revolt, but if to be
A Christian, I deserve a martyr's death,
So let it be."

The day had darkened fast.
"More would I know of thee but with fatigue
And care oppressed, refreshment now I seek.
Hither, without!" and as the Emperor called
The guards appeared. "Take this poor man away.
Entreat him kindly, let him rest and eat,
And at the hour of nine bring him to me
Within my private chamber. Have no fear,
Friend Christian, for thy life, but study how,
Within the limits of an hour to-night,
To skilfully unfold to me your creed."

At time appointed Jew and gaoler came
To the fair palace and Aurelius' room.

First took the Emperor the Jew's parole
Discharging him from ward and surveillance.
Alone, he spoke as to a friend: "Sit thee
Upon this couch and listen first to me
Unfold the garnered wisdom of the past."
Swiftly he sketched with cogent word and apt
The errors of mankind. How epicures
And those who lived for pleasure suffered most
When age came on, or luxury no more
Could yield her perfume to the jaded sense..
"Control your body with exalted mind
Nor seek to pander to your appetite.
Be kind, complacent, strong, with courage high
Bearing a pain or suffering a slight
Without complaint. Do your full duty well
And walk with virtue ever by your side.
Work always and aspire to better deeds.
Do not disdain assistance nor compel
Return for favors done." Thus and much more
The stoic did unfold of wisdom's law.
"Now tell me, Jew—or Christian, I should say—
Wherein we differ. What it is that makes
Your sect so hateful to your fellow man,
For I have made examples of some few
Professors of your kind."

From Babel to

“Right well I know
That dreadful act,” the Christian said, “for I
A brother and a sister lost by death.
Strange seems it to me that in comfort here
I speak with calmness and we talk as friends.
Your awful power, your wisdom, both should cause
Great dread and fear. But when I hear you speak
All fear is gone. I know you as a man
Who, not unlike, is greater than the rest.
Your words with pulsing life enrich the thought,
But as I follow, rather seem a code
Of conduct than a creed. My code includes
A faith. Not in a worldly King but in
A God, a Saviour, and a Spirit pure.”

Then did the Jew with growing fervor tell
Redemption's plan—the brotherhood in Love.
So ardent he became, Aurelius sat
With burning gaze devouring every word,
Until at length, with startled pause, the Jew
Fearing he gave offense, his pardon asked.
“I almost feel that Truth has come to light.
Enough to-night, friend Christian, I must think
Of all you spoke, for placid minds may not
Permit too suddenly a change of thought

To unbalance judgment or deceive the heart.
Would that I knew. You may be right.
I gave to slaughter others of your faith,
But not again shall any go unjudged.
'Love them that hate you!' 'Tis a new concept
Of life. Your creed is strange. You may be right."

Forth from the palace walked the released Jew
To visit next a dying thief in jail.
Marcus Aurelius' taper flickered out
And as his servant entered to renew
The flame, he heard him say, "He may be right."

THE RENAISSANCE

PROPHETIC miracle of the time to come!

When through one speech the nations of the Earth
Should, through the Holy Spirit, come to know
Each other by the ties of brotherhood.
Who but Omnipotence could reconcile
Contending opposites like these? He who
Could make the desert blossom as the rose.
None but a father with the tenderest love
For sons that disobeyed, and whose dear love
He sought, from willing hearts, would thus have toiled
To join them to each other and to Him.

From Babel to

As those that in their fancy voyage far
Among the worlds of light, speeding at will
From star to star, and visiting in thought
The inhabitants of radiant spheres that spread
Through boundless space, so in like manner men
In olden time, wondered what lay beyond
The near horizon of the hoary sea.
Their valor quailed before Atlantic's surge
And held them back, not from new worlds alone,
But from a knowledge of that continent
Which unknown then their new world was to be.
To those that would communicate afar,
Nothing of man's ingenious thought devised
Had yet surpassed small boats and willing steed.
The swifter, safer means of intercourse
Might not be until man should prove his right
To pass his narrow bounds and learn to know,
By pleasing God, more of the Eternal's ways.
Man must be right with God ere he be free.

ABRILLIANT period succeeded first
Our Saviour's birth. Then seven centuries
Of blackness seemed to fall on all mankind,
With but a little flickering light, so dim
That those who followed almost lost the way.

The seed was growing and its tiny shoots,
Tho' trampled and pulled up, grew between stones
Or hid in crevice from destructive blasts.
Its leaves that were to be for healing all
The nations, now were noxious through misuse,
While vultures filled the branches meant for doves.
The cruel dominance of savage tribes
In place of nations, which though weak thro' sin,
Had by experience learned some arts of peace,
Wrought fearfully upon the ancient works
Of learning and of culture. Temples fell,
And rifled graves and towns had yielded first
Their golden loot before they were destroyed.
By slow degrees,—so slow, that, but to watch
The span of one life it would seem that all
Had stopped,—by slow degrees a new life grew,
Something like nations taking form again.
The furious Northern tribes had mingled now
With remnants from the Southerly domain.
Merging with those whose land they occupied
They soon became a part of each new tribe
In which they joined, and having cast their lot
With strangers, themselves became as strangers
To their parent soil. Immigrants thus,
Changing the savage foemen of the North

From Babel to

In all save hatred for the world at large.
New thoughts engendered by their conquerors
Gave impulse for improvement in all arts
That meant success in war and in defense.
Great buildings rose for garrison of troops,
Walled cities took the place of weak stockades.
All evidence of skill from foreign lands,
Brought by the races that were come to share
Their perils when they merged their lot. In all
The change, there still remained the sturdy strength
Which made these fair-haired North men without fear,
Meet their invaders' overwhelming power.
Stern vigor formed by climate did its share
In shaping minds, that tho' defeated oft,
Compelled surrender to their stubborn will.
Their home, their virtue and their love of law,
Rudely assailed by conquerors and those
Aliens that came to form part of their tribes,
Resisted all attacks, and still retained
The character that dominated all.
The victors fell before the virtuous shafts
Of homely thought and honesty of life.
Following conquest in their peaceful robes,
Religious soldiers bore the Cross of Christ
To utmost Albion and the frozen North,

Teaching their doctrine of a holy church,
Spreading the seed imperfectly 'mid weeds.
The restless missionary priest advanced
The church's claim. His aim to proselyte,
Enthusiastic at his own expense,
He spent himself without a thought of pride.
His Christ was church—the institution ruled
His will, his action and his utmost hope.
By slow degrees it conquered pagan rites.
The priestcraft of a rude idolatry,
Degrading sacrifice and brutal forms
Were thus supplanted by the Church's rule.
Perhaps imperfect, rude as was the time,
Its work was potent with a ruder folk
To whom its mission came. The priest became
At first the center of a few who came
To use his learning. He dispensed his skill
With written words,—became the clerk, and gave
Counsel from records none but he could read.
The monastery in its early life
Became the university, and round
It grew oftentimes a town, where intellect
By native strength attracted simple minds,
And exercised dominion through its power.
Slowly progressed these tribes in arts of peace,

From Babel to

Slowly small kingdoms merged with larger ones.
Joining to fight some common enemy,
They fought each other, when the outside fear
Gave respite. Slowly grew the better force
That sprung from teachings of a better life.
Mistaken ardor lead to fearful crimes,
Committed in the new religion's name,
By those who sought new converts with a sword
Nor knew, nor seemed to care, that it taught love.
New members added to the Church, through fear
Of slaughter, could not know the gentle words
Of peace on Earth, good will to all mankind.
Slowly the race progressed, because in spite
Of war, of slaughter and of ignorance,
By slow degrees a work was going on
That finally took form, though crudely poor;
And letters, government and all the arts,
With common impulse, seemed about to bud.
The Orient sent its builders toward the West
And architecture, new to this wild land,
Gave impulse to a nobler thought. The Moor
Who had from early times, preserved secrets
In leather, steel and stone, his knowledge gave
To Spain, from whence it came by slow degrees.
The renaissance gave painting, sculpture, books,

To France and Italy, while by slow means
The Northern countries came within the spell
That gave illumined thoughts and high ideals
To minds long darkened. Little wonder that
The change was slow; the only marvel was
It should have bloomed as fair when it did come.
The broad foundations were securely laid,
Deep trenched and massy, for the pond'rous weight
Of civilization's best accomplishment.
The arts of war with peaceful arts kept pace;
Using the merchant ship for man-of-war,
Taking the plowhorse for its cavalry,
The farmer from his fields for soldier needs.
Nations took form as conquest subdued tribes,
Laws crude but manly, simulated those
Of ancient times. The new religion too,
Added adherents, though its light was pale.
Under religion's name the Church aroused
The willing warriors to a Holy War.
Already there had come to be a change
Wrought out by minds superior and pure.
A change from robbery and brutal might
Resulting in exalted chivalry.
Any high purpose or romantic tale
Sufficed to draw the armoured knight abroad

From Babel to

To deeds of valor. At last the Church made use
Of this condition for its great Crusades.
The Saviour's tomb must from the Infidel
Be rescued. Sacred relics claimed and kept.
Hatred and slaughter in the cause of Christ
Were preached as needful to the "holy" end.
Each nation sent its valiant chivalry
In great array for conquest. None could stand
Against united strength such as possessed
These all undaunted soldiers of the Cross.
But unity they lacked, nor was it long
Before the jealous hatred, that at home
Most ruled their thoughts, caused them on this,
Their holy war, soon to fall out and break
Each from the other until, weak at last
From their internal strifes, their mutual foe
Helped by destructive climate drove them back.
Clearly it was not the Almighty's plan
That man should worship relics, but instead,
Should worship Him in spirit and in truth.

REVOLT AGAINST THE CHURCH

KINGS ruled their peoples with the power of fear,
Nobles bore heavily on dependent swains,
Fathers made almost slaves of wife and child,

The Church ruled all through superstition's power.
Each made the other yield for his own use
By brutal weapons or the abuse of might.
Resentment at these fetters slowly grew
And found expression finally in acts.
The course of learning, slow at first but sure,
Through literature gave light to darkened lives.
The Word revealed for man's instruction, came
Unspoiled from out the rubbish of the past,
Fresh with the truth and Heaven's law of Love.
Its words translated shone as beacon lights
Amid the fogs of brutish helplessness.
To those who read, there came encouragement,
And as analysis succeeded hope,
Protests arose against the Church's rule.
The light of liberty shone through the woods
And slowly spread throughout the heavy gloom.
Useless the effort to suppress the flame
Through torture, bloodshed or the martyr's stake;
Useless the threats to ex-communicate
Those who would fealty give to God alone.
The darkened, cruel past its purpose served
But now the new day's gleam rose o'er the world
And darkened councils, that before seemed fair,
Became abhorred. A quickened hope arose;

From Babel to

Learning increased and then intolerance.
Slowly the root found moisture, slowly grew,
Less slowly but as sure, the stalk advanced
From the weak shoot to firm and woody strength.
Its leaves put forth, at first but small and few,
Increasing slowly 'gainst the bitter blasts,
Gained strength by warring with an envious foe.

DRAWN by a spirit dominating far
Beyond the limits of his close retreat,
Attracted by his logic more than love,
Came one to try with Calvin, on behalf
Of hosts less daring, arguments of church.
A Romish scholar, subtle, learned and deep,
The stranger neither wore the churchly air
Nor on the other hand revealed the rank
Of prince, that through his birthright in the House
Of Guise, bespoke him as a courtly enemy.
Long had Prince Stephen pondered on his plan,
Had thought out every detail of approach,
And carefully arranged his part to play
By introduction, costume and employ
Of favorable means. His object was
To meet the Church's enemy and his own,
Twist from the Protestant incautious words

And by discredit weaken the belief
Of many who had left the Romish Church.
All other means had thus far failed to stay
The growing alienation from the Church,
Especially amongst that middle class,
The "bourgeois" tradesmen, artisans and those
Most mean but thrifty, necessary streams
Whose contributions ceasing, caused to fall
Unwonted low the level reservoir.
The Inquisition, torture, and the stake,
No more withheld these men but added more.
Cunning might now effect, Prince Stephen thought,
Diversion from a course that seemed to him
No more than peurile or misunderstood.
With one attendant rode the Prince, and knocked
With gentle hand upon the humble door
That in Geneva sheltered the divine.
His entrance made and his credentials passed,
The crafty churchman spoke his secret foe:

"We of Rochelle desire to learn your will
Concerning sacraments—whether the Host
Should be exalted and the holy sign
Marked with blessed water on the penitent?"

From Babel to

"What need of signs," Calvin replied, "to those
That hold the Truth within? As for the 'Host'
He who broke bread instructed all to eat,
Not one for all."

"But," said Prince Stephen, "if
The precious emblems are partaken of,
Must there not be a priest to break the bread,
To pour the wine? And if a priest for that,
Must he not, therefore, be the priest for all?
The mediator 'twixt mankind and God?"

"Out upon priests. Who sent you here to prate
Of sickly forms?" In wrath the Sage spoke on.
"Make clean the inside, never mind the out.
No formal rites or intervening priest
Is needed for redemption of mankind."

"But," answered Stephen, "Shepherds were ordained
To teach the humble, and to lead and feed
Those that depend for guidance on their care.
Must there not be one head of all the flock,
And under him appointed ministers
Endued with power and with authority,
In their behoof to rule and mediate?"

Spiritual fathers teaching doctrine,
Correcting faults, propitiating God,
Must intervene if man is to be saved."

Not for a moment had the Sage's eyes
Left Stephen's as he spoke, but now he turned
His gaze and murmured as if to himself
Alone: "The just shall live by faith.'" Then quick
As if awaking from a dream, he turned
His flashing eye on the false minister.

"Throw off thy sheepskin, wolf! I'm not deceived."
His voice was rough, and seemed his eye to pierce
Straight through the cover to the naked soul.
Shrunk back his visitor, and seemed to shrink
In size before this feeble-bodied giant—
A giant of intellect. "Come you to me,"
He cried, "to subtly find through enquiry,
And seeming interest in our noble faith,
Some weakened link or incomplete detail?
I know you now, sneaking within the fold
To steal my sheep or make them doubt my voice.
No! artful man, no priest nor Pope needs be
An intercessor 'twixt my God and me.
One priest alone, the sacrificial Lamb,

From Babel to

Through whose dear means I'm reconciled to God.
Are we God's sons? I hear my Father's voice
Speaking a warning against anti-Christ.
You are not of us nor can you conceal
Longer your true self underneath your mask."

Darkly the prince's gaze kindled with wrath
Not at discovery but at the attacks
Upon his Church. With wounded pride he spoke
With hurried voice, intense and arrogant—

"I will not stay to hear your blasphemy
Against the Holy Church. Our fathers raised
Their edifice upon the rock. Received
Authority to bind and loose, and hold
In right of ancient practices the power
To here administer all Christian rites.
By that authority the Church's head
Condemns you, who protest, to worse than death."

"Cease your weak tirade," Calvin said, "and learn
That your false claims and threats are no avail.
Assuming, though not provable, your Church
Possessed good title from divine command,
Misconduct has now forfeited its claims.

Your false interpretation of God's word
Misled the ignorant and you imposed
Upon credulity. This damns your claim
Of right to represent the works of Truth.
Moreover, lust for power has caused to grow
A rank and worldly edifice, so great
It threatens kingdoms and demands rebuke.
Built on the superstitions you create
It grinds the poor and terrifies the rich.
No progress can endure beneath the gloom
Of sickening shades and suffocating fogs.
Give men God's word in language of their own
And let the light divine dispel the foul
And miasmatic gloom! or let it fall
If it contain not power within itself.
Depart, young man. Hug your sad chains and die,
But learn this truth. Your Church cannot maintain
Its vicious rule. Its sway must end before
The march of progress. It has both betrayed
The Christian ethics and the revealed word.
Perverted truth by which the Spirit dies,
Built for an earthly not a Heavenly rule."

Angry, abashed, withdrew the crafty prince
Nor could he leave without a threat'ning word.

From Babel to

"Reserve thy threats," the Protestant replied ,
"For those that fear the body's suffering.
Let loose your engines of iniquity;
Let flow the heart-blood of devoted men;
But know that every drop will fertilize
The arid soil, and each will be a seed
From whence a hundred others will be born."
The guest attended by his man, made haste
To leave the place. Defeated in his aim,
He carried nought that he could use against
This great apostle of terrific faith.

BLOOD flowed from hateful quarrels till the land
Was drenched with it. The Church and Protestant
Each used the bloody sword and poisoned cup.
Dissensions over faith not only split
The Church, but kingdoms, even homes, were rent
By differences of faith. Intolerance
Dominated all. The rule of iron
Insisted on its old prerogative;
Insisted on obedience to its will.
With equal bitterness the others fought
For freedom. Everywhere distrust and hate
Distorted visions, that lost sight of love,
And dreadful slaughter came instead of peace.

Learning increased and gave its devotees
New thoughts, new aspirations, new desires.
Under the tumult of the raging sword
The tree was pruned, and might have bled to death
But that its vigor needed this surcease.
The nations fought for conquest as before,
But learning made men more inquisitive
Of those things that lay still beyond their ken.
Little each nation knew of other lands,
Of other nations, or of distant tribes.
They mingled not except in enmity
And by destructive hatred kept apart.

THE RESERVED CONTINENT

THE time had in its fullness come at last,
When to the old world there should be revealed
The New. As thistle-down upon the wind
Blown far across the moor, alights and grows,
Planting its feeble seed in sterile soil,
So were the adventurous few who crossed the sea
To find another continent. They went
Not with the thought, for if 'twere ever known
By those that in the Old World had remained,
Its memory had been forgotten long.

From Babel to

Along the wharf of Palos at midday,
A brave adventurer walked with a friend
Who gave him rapt attention. O'er the bay
The rippling sunshine danced, nor seemed unsafe
For vessel of the lightest build. April
Was come with balmy breath and calm repose,
Making the rough Atlantic now seem calm,
Inviting and secure. The city streets
Were foul with old world filth, decay and dirt,
Hidden 'neath structures noisesome, dark and wet.
The two companions gazing on the sea,
Forgot the rank unwholesomeness of land,
Resting their ardent gaze upon a fleet
Of little ships that swung at anchor near.

"Shall you, my dear Columbus, undertake
The hazardous attempt of which you dream?
Frail are thy ships for awful enterprise
In unknown seas to undiscovered coasts."

"Rate not so meanly this accomplishment
That hath, dear friend, cost many fearful years
Of darkened disappointment and delay.
Long have I labored for this very hour,
Its slow fulfilment but now taking form.

Both ocean and the distant coast seem friends
Already known before I view them near.
Instead of apprehension or delay,
Exhilaration fills me with delight.
I see the world as if far off removed,
Round as a sphere, with India beyond,
West of the strip of ocean lying here.
Thither we go to carry hope, and find
By easy intercourse, a wealthy land."

"But yes, dear Christopher," his friend replied,
"It sounds persuasive and one feels convinced
Of what you say in conversation sweet
Or earnest argument. But when away
From your convincing tongue, myself confess
To have misgivings, that like harpy ghosts,
I cannot lay with bravery or wit.
You say the earth is round and bring us tests
By ancient documents and seeming proofs.
I have accepted both your faith and you
And so admit conviction on this point
Though failing still to comprehend the power
That holds men to the outside of the globe.
Some must be standing with inverted heads
Their feet opposed to ours. While, furthermore,

From Babel to

If one sails half around, then his return
Must of necessity be all up hill.
I like not such experiments, and wish
That you would be content to linger here,
Viewing as have our fathers from all time,
The hazy horizon from solid land."

"Wouldst thou dissuade me of my dearest wish
With threadbare arguments and puny fears?
Have not our fathers ventured far from land?
Better it is for me to take the step
Leading away toward paths as yet untrod,
Than live in sad regret. This ocean meets
The land at some remote and distant point.
Taking a Westward course by sea and land,
By steady travel will in course of time,
Return one to this very starting place."

"I fear, dear Christopher, but I believe,"
Replied his friend, "My faith is pledged to thee
In golden guaranty. Thy life is thine
To offer in so perilous a voyage.
If through the trackless sea a path you make
To Eastern India, how frail the means.
Think on the raging flood, the awful storm

And on the slight protection of your craft.”

“Desist! forbear such pallid, anxious thoughts
Which thou mightst use to fright a boy withal.
Know thou my purpose is well fixed, my mind
Is turned to every vague contingency.
My ships now manned, provisioned and made fit
Await my word. Rejoice with me. Look out
Beyond the distant horizon and see
The wealthy coast, the teeming, fertile land,
Rich in its promises, ready to yield
Its gold and in return accept the Faith.
Scarce can I wait the morrow’s dawn, to say
‘Hoist sail and anchor! Forward! Westward Ho!’”

LITTLE they realized, these early few
That saw the hither shores that lay beyond,
That conquest of the sea was made at last;
A goal was found beyond the watery waste
Which beckoned with its lure adventurers bold.
The time was pregnant. Everywhere the news
Awakened interest. Nations wanted land
To hold and govern in this paradise.
All sorts of men from every country went
To find what most they wished and lusted for

From Babel to

The dreams of gold, of conquest or of peace,
Were thought to have fulfilment in that place.
Even the priest, not less intrepid than
The armoured warrior, braved the unknown sea,
And in the wilds amidst a savage tribe
Planted his Cross and preached the holy word.
Stern Protestants, intense with righteous thought,
Preferred the perils of this wild domain
If so they might avoid dominion, which
Refused their right to worship as they would.
Fantastic notions of the world's extent
Incited hopes to reach the distant East
By easy passage. Vague ideas restrained
At first the ardor, that grew into lust
For empire, as the New World became known.
Its worth, its treasure and its fruitful fields,
Were scarcely dreamt of, but enough was seen
To show a Paradise—which like its type,
Must be hard bought by conquest and by toil.
With faithful toil small colonies arose
Which rooted firmly in a sterile soil
Started the earnest of a future state.
Intolerant of softness and of ease,
Alike intolerant of the Church, and all
Who differed with them in their stern beliefs,

These pilgrims of that sort that Europe feared
For conq'ring zeal, ascetics, adamant,
They cut as diamonds through the hardest stone.
Untamed in courage, never losing hope,
Their spirit burned, fed by adversity.
Intense and zealous, serious and grim,
Fearless they met all dangers, and endured
So they should freely act and live within
Their own severe constraint. What wonder that
From such a stock should grow the type of men
That by their dominating will should mould
A people to their law, their speech, their thrift.
Others survived the pioneer, and they
Environed by a friendlier climate grew
In more luxuriant, not more wholesome soil.

GATHERING OF THE NATIONS

THE hardy Dutch, daring, commercial, shrewd;
German and Flemish artisans, and French
Refugees, possessed of matchless skill
In fabric-making arts; Scotland and Spain,
Switzerland and utmost Europe, sent
Envoys extraordinary to this land
To meet on common soil their hated foes.

From Babel to

Long time these colonists kept separate
Each from his neighbor of another race,
Until by common dangers and assaults,
A common interest for their safety, raised
Community of help. Ingenious plans
Developed carefully by England, gave
To her preeminent control and rule
That grew with conquest in this vast domain.
Whipped from her shores, or leaving to escape
Religious tyrannies and foul constraints,
Europe's best manhood left its motherland.
A silent spirit animated all.
These emigrants were law-abiding men
Ready to give obedience to just rule,
But when fanatic churchmen and their King
Sought to compel against their conscience, then
Jaded beyond endurance they rebelled.
Each country had offended. Each had tried
Compulsion as a cure for that disease
As they esteemed it. Fatal was the cure,
For those condemned had seen a truer light.
Pure, undefiled religion spite of all
Increased with torture, ridicule and hate.
The nations bore their hatred each to each,
But each one hated more than rival throne

The enthusiast whose spirit would not yield.
Such men assembled on the New World's shore,
And formed the nucleus of a mighty state.
The old world's folly brought to pass at last
The breaking of the bud which held the flower.

UNHAPPY at prosperity enjoyed
By her remote and hated colonists,
Despising but still seeking to control
For money's sake, the rulers over sea
With insult and embittered irony
Again this people sought to drive,
And by compulsion, force a heavy load
To carry for their far-off government.
Too late, the wiser ones now saw
Their distant kindred in another light.
Too late, they realized that sudden wrath
Toward either Church or State which should attempt
By delegated agent to enforce
Its distant mandates, would arouse a flame
That would spread finally throughout the world.
Driven from home to this last continent
Appropriate to their needs, their hopes and aims,
The sternest spirits of each different race
United in a cry for liberty.

From Babel to

Little republics of the renaissance
Founded by cities separate, alone,
Had breathed the air of freedom for a while,
A while maintained an independent state,
But much too circumscribed to long endure.
Now in America there rose high thoughts
From humble homes. Why should we not be free?
Stern Puritans, with mem'ries of the past,
Read through their Bibles and on Cromwell thought;
Proud cavaliers remembered their descent.
Some mutterings heard by rulers over sea
Gave warning of a discontent, that grew
With threats. There is a spirit in a man
That needs but to be touched by divine flame
To multiply his strength. So was now fanned
The growing flame that soon would overcome
All prudence; that would raise men from the low
And homely walks of daily life, to lead
A ragged few against well ordered troops
To victory. That would sustain a poor
Devoted sailor in an ill-equipped,
Unhandy ship, to fight proud frigates and
Compel their rev'rence to a new-born flag.
Strangely each nation looked on each to see
Its hated rival's children with its own

Shoulder to shoulder in confed'racy
Against a common foe—one of themselves.
A nation! Self-declared upon ideas
Of independence and equality.
In very truth the most absurd of all,
That all men were created equal. Here
Was a dream to fade away and leave
The lowly victors to awaken sad
And worse in fate than with paternal care.
The hand of God, in whom they placed their own,
Proved mightier far than earthly potentate's.
His spirit fired their zeal, sustained their hope
And prompted greatness in the common clay.
He who had breathed the breath of life at first,
Who raised the race of man from one man's loins;
Who raised a nation from a single seed;
Who led it by His spirit, would not now
Forsake those who should humbly trust in Him.
These followers of His Son who gave up wealth,
Or had forsaken well-secured domains
To serve their Lord in conscience-freedom, thus
Received the promised help. He ever keeps
His word. The Tree of Life was taking root.

DEMOCRACY

MEN that were subjects once, now sovereign were,
And gave their thanks for God's deliverance.
Here might the nations take the healing leaves.
Hither they came but hate was not subdued.
A fertile soil where liberty might grow,
A fertile soil in which to nurture truth,
A fertile soil for evil's mighty work
Fresh to the use of civilized mankind
To work his problems out:—a virgin land,
A beauteous bride, a lovely mother now.
A mother's heart balanced 'twixt love and fear,
A bounteous bosom rich with nourishment,
Her sons in infancy must give their love,
Devotion and dear service. Here shall be
In their new world united all mankind.

HITHER shall come of all of Noah's sons
And meet each other in the bonds of peace.
But evil met them and intruded foul,
Unhealthy thoughts within their paradise.
Prompted by hope of gain they dealt in slaves
Who late had come to shake off tyranny;
Envious of each other, those that fled

From warring nations, now sought separate states.
A great convulsion followed the disease
Ere it was found that in the age's hope
Union with liberty must join their hands,
If men should freely mingle and advance.
This race must differ in its type and mind,
If it should be a blessing to mankind.
Self interest it must have if it progress,
But it must likewise rule with equal hand
Itself and all that to its shores would come.
Self interest in a new light then revealed
The need that, if a man should prosper, or
A state be strong within itself, there must
Exist a fair and equal duty each to each.
Thus the first lesson of our Saviour's law
"Thou shalt thy neighbor as thyself esteem,"
Becomes revealed through stern necessity.
The first commandment still remains to be
More perfectly obeyed as wisdom grows,
And truth enlightens intellects, too dark
To know that God requires His children's love.
The fertile plains, the deep, expansive coast,
The wooded hills, the metal-loaded mounts,
The rivers, lakes and broad expanse of land
Proclaim an Eden to the rescued sons

From Babel to

Of him, who from his Eden was cast out.
Unheard of wealth, the sov'reignty of kings,
Redeems the curse that labor cast on life;
Work becomes life, and sweetens its reward
When coupled with content and happiness.
Hither the nations sent from all the earth
Its children, good and bad, from every clime.
Nurtured in schools of hard economy,
Lured by the hope of wealth, enduring, strong,
They added to the country's native wealth
And they and it increased in rich rewards.
Here they found freedom, liberty, and law,
Ill understood at first but fast to grow
A passion dear as life. Ground down at home
Beneath relentless power, they soon learned here
That they might join the rule and be the king.

COMMON LANGUAGE

A COMMON language spoke from sea to sea,
And up and down the mighty continent,
Made for the first time possible, since when
The curse of Babel, through confused tongues,
Caused men by language, without thought, to hate
Those of a different speech, to assemble now

And by one language to one race become.
Swift followed power to use the means of speed.
Withheld before in the Almighty's plan
Till ripe for use, swift means of intercourse
Had never been permitted. He that turned
The earth in fast revolving flight upon
Its even course through terrifying space,
That spoke from Heaven and 'twas done on earth,
Saved for His plan of peace man's use of speed.
Through all the ages of mankind on earth,
His learning, culture, skill, nor wisdom yet
Had taught of things more fleet than horse or sail.
But on a sudden now, there seemed to burst
Upon the world a marvellous thought. Man now
With safety sped across the sea and land,
Going where e'er he would, nor pause to rest.
He spoke, his voice was heard a thousand miles,
His messages exchanged beneath the seas.
Throbbing, pulsating, healthful, happy life
Covered the new world now from sea to sea.
The nations sneered, but later marvelling,
Redoubled vigilance against this king
Among the mighty. Holding high a place
Between the West and Orient, they feared
They knew not what, but always they feared Power.

From Babel to

Such power united in so great a host,
Resources boundless, energy and skill
Joined with a general learning far beyond
That ever seen in any land before,
Rebuked and terrified where hate endured.
The nations sent their quota to this land
Of all their best. The sturdy youth and maid
Celtic, Italian, German, Norse and Greek,
The Slav, the Pole, the Syrian and Turk,
With African and Mongol, brought their strength,
Their energy and hope, to the new world.
They came for gain, excited by the lust
That always stimulates and never tires.
Some thought of liberty, but most of gold,
Their ways converged as similar in aim.
Whether in mine, or shop, or farm, or sea,
The hoped for fruits of labor seemed most fair,
Thither they went nor little cared at last
For race or creed. The promised land was theirs.

ONE speech they learned, and economic use
Proved this for government and learning, more
Useful than their own mixed tongues. So, too,
In labor, art and commerce grew the need
And reconciled the common tongue to all.

This land adopted for their several homes,
 They found was theirs to govern and enjoy,
 While Freedom in their new environment
 Sweetly enticed their sacrifice and love.
 Threatened rebellion or a foreign foe,
 Brought every manly son of every race
 Under one standard side by side to fight.
 Government, law and all the arts of peace
 Seduced their racial pride by slow degrees,
 'Till children native to the land, and schooled
 Beneath an equitable law, grew up to feel
 That their compatriots had a prior claim
 To any that from heritage had come.
 Restless possessors of a mighty land
 That lay between the oceans, and that knew
 Neither the enervating tropic nor the cold
 Of arctic regions. Here they came to work,
 And here they found such stimulus of means,
 Unlimited variety, ample scope,
 That each place seemed a new discovered land.
 Here was a flinty soil hard by a coast
 Rich with the choicest fish. While here a port
 Devised by nature for commercial power.
 Beyond, great inland lakes and rivers broad,
 That watered fertile prairies, and conveyed

TO THE
FARMERS OF
From Babel to

The grain and ore from farm and mine to mill.
A great back-bone of mountains north and south,
Loaded with wealth, and serving to unite
Instead of separating east from west,
Rose massive 'twixt two rich enormous plains.
Again beyond to westward, mountain chains
Dividing from the rest that land of flowers
Whose perfect climate, soil and products rare,
Margins the great Pacific. North and south
Throughout this wond'rous land, conditions call
For labor, not for ease. Great flocks and herds
In safety, populate enormous tracts,
And labor here is offered a reward
Too great to be ignored by rich or poor.
What then! Shall man's course from this Eden drive
The sons of man? Shall labor always curse?

BROTHERHOOD

A WARM, pervasive atmosphere of hope,
The inspiration of each other's work,
With stimulating power lent to each one
An ardor and a zeal his work to do.
Here was the place where work was truly blessed,
For each a sovereign labored as a king

His own estate to build. But all learned too
That all must prosper if himself would grow.
Slowly was learned this truth which underlies
The brotherhood of man—a brother's love.
Work is not toil when love, instead of hate,
Compels the labor. So our fellows' health,
Their education and prosperity,
Prompted perhaps by selfish motives, come
To give help based on economic good.
Each prospers best when each can bear a part;
Hatred destroys and ignorance is loss.
Far from the perfect thought by Christ instilled
That man's great duty, next to loving God,
Was toward his brother man. But int'rest tends
To service which in time develops love.
Prompted by interest, progress inspires hope;
Tho' gratitude returns but little thanks,
The blessing comes to him who freely gives.
The workers in this wondrous land, now bright
With hope, prosperity and new ideals,
Related to each other by the ties
Of mutual interest and activity,
Spoke with one speech, nor ever thought to find
If he, with whom he worked was of his race.
Such prejudice as that which he had known,

TO VINU
From Babel to ABODULA

When severed by an alien tongue from those
Of joining lands, was quickly swept away
Upon the soil where common language held
Impartial sway. All understood—all worked—
And as the broader horizon appeared
Showing with duty, privilege and gain,
With sovereignty, new thoughts and high ideals,
All of this race, from all the races sprung,
Revived man's knowledge of his fellow man.

THIS strange anomaly was not at first
Observed by those who helped to make it real,
Who in the war fought side by side with those
Of other nations late opposed. But soon,
Daughters and sons of alien sires espoused,
Merging their interest without thought of race.
All spoke one language here, nor thought to ask
Of those they loved, regarding ancestry.
Their friends at home could hardly understand,
But viewing wealth and happiness increase
Themselves awakened to enquire the cause.
Slowly their understanding of results
Began to stimulate their narrow thought.
Hither in larger numbers came mankind,
Here new conditions found which forced them all

To give their best if good they would receive.
But when they in their turn saw their old life
They wondered, and contempt expressed of those
Who lived in hatred, bigotry and sloth,
Fond of the blighting chains that held them fast
To a destructive prejudice, of those
Who spoke another language than their own.
Europe was waking, slowly seeing light
Reflected from her children's happiness.
Meantime no less than Europe, was the light
Sending its rays to farthest Orient.
This mighty land that broke the heaving swell
Of both great oceans, bridged the gulf between
The ancient laggard and the warring West.
A ray of light from here touched old Japan.
She woke, startled to find the world had sped
Long way beyond her. Quickly she arose
No laggard now, but eager to assume
Her place among the nations. Kindred too
Tho' separated long, her pulses beat
When on congenial soil she met mankind
In utmost Occident. More quickly too
Was preached and learned at home, the gospel new,
Of man's dependence on his brother man.
Skilful in arts, though fatalist in faith,

From Babel to

She knew not whence the inspiration, but
Putting in practice what she found of worth,
Exemplified the teaching of the Christ.
Care for each soldier's health helped victory;
A brother's welfare superseded fate.

THE NORMAL LIFE

ONWARD the surges roll through distant lands
Revealing truth by contact with its works.
Slowly but certainly, the wave moves on
That bears the unspoken message of great joy.
Nations have learned that noble lives within
Have been to them as lost through ignorance.
One blessed with learning gives his country skill,
One blessed with health is worth a thousand ill.
One blessed with virtue bears his country's trust
One blessed with conscience loves where others lust.
Not by great numbers but by valiant men
Inspired by love of liberty and truth;
Not by a ruler's wealth or long descent
Have victories been won or prestige bought.
The simple workman banded with his kind
Possessed of high ideals and higher faith,
Has wrought by learning, health and virtues, all

And much more than the proudest potentate.
How blest a nation peopled with such sons.
How happy they who such a nation make.
If slowly shall the nations of the earth
Speaking one language, learn the vital truth,
Yet surely shall they come to apprehend
Its visible attainment and its cause.
Man's normal life demands activity,
His trend is upward toward a high ideal,
Unburdened by the overwhelming rule
Of artificial aristocracy.
A democratic freedom must exist
For hope's development. Labor is right
And equal opportunity, must aid
As inspiration for its highest aims.
Work, with the stimulus of good reward,
Will grow toward increase of accomplishment
And elevate all others with itself.
Truth is the key, by which shall be revealed
The best attainment for the general state.
Hence may arise not one, who far above
His fellows reaches high a pinnacle,
But all who come truth's power to realize,
Seize on new knowledge and appropriate
That which themselves and others will improve.

From Babel to

He who most benefits his fellow man
Produces what man needs. Two spears of wheat
That grow where only one would grow before,
Is brought to pass by minds resembling that
Which brought from chaos order, beauty, form,
God's children with His spirit burning bright.
The pride of birth, of wealth, of sounding name,
Are in this land and age of slight avail.
But if with godly lives and honest toil
Their fathers wrought, great is the heritage,
Which added to their work, makes men more fit
To fill the places the new life demands.
To every man, a world within himself,
Is given to aid or hinder God's design,
And no man lives unto himself alone.
Our nature has not changed with all the years,
And only as our spirit, fed by God,
With our permission overcomes the flesh,
Shall we maintain in purity our hope.
Here has been found the opportunity
To realize our best ideals of life.
United in our interests and our hopes,
Viewing the future with calm confidence,
And knowing that with effort, purity,
And love, the world's best years are on ahead.

The fragments of the scattered sons of men
Are now becoming brothers through one speech,
One language, and their former hate has changed
As better understanding unifies
All races in a common interest.
The scattered fragments of the broken wheel,
Uniting as the magnet draws the steel,
In this the land reserved to them by God,
Finding the love of God made manifest
In simple lives devoted to His use,
Warmed by love of man for man as taught
By Christ,—become a fused and welded whole.
Large are the prophecies, and great the hopes
That now appear before the sons of men.
No race is alien now nor none so low
In culture or in form of life, but shows
Response to love. The brotherhood of man
Encircling the fair earth has seen the light.
The dark and selfish past yields to the rays
That penetrate the utmost depths of gloom.
Each has a duty to perform. The rich
Responsible for much, must wisely use
The wealth entrusted to his care. The learned
Must not for selfish purposes retain
His wisdom for his own aggrandisement.

From Babel to

The laborer may not with surly sloth
End his day's work and lay him down to sleep.
Each to the other so relates that all must do
For others what he'd have them do for him.
The common good demands the use of wealth,
Of wisdom and of labor all combined,
But each must serve by personal good will,
Using not only his possessions, but
Adding to his gift himself as well.
Gifts weaken those receiving them, except
The spirit of a brother goes with each
And stimulates encouragement with love.

OBEDIENCE AND FILIAL LOVE

THUS far the world has brought the human race
To find its way—to know both man and God.
Knowing each other by swift intercourse
There is no longer distance or degree
That makes us strangers to the utmost bounds
Of this round earth. The hap'nings of a day,
Each day are known wherever man has come
By progress and by educative means,
To adopt the arts and ways of modern life.
Once more is common speech throughout the world

By intercourse of nations in this land,
Where all commingle and where races merge,
Become the welding power of all mankind.
Fast grows the saving knowledge of that love
That holds the interests of his fellow man
As equal to his own. The health, the hope,
The liberty, well-being and increase
That make for greatness and a perfect whole,
While permeating through our busy lives,
Increases love for that dear Father, who
With utmost patience wrought the wondrous work,
Guiding our ways and leading us along
As children, through a kindly discipline,
To fuller knowledge of His thought and plan.
The utmost bounty lies on every hand
Within our reach. The consummation of
Its best enjoyment and its worthy use,
Now first requiring to be understood,
We raise with gratitude our loving hearts
To our dear Parent who has made the gift.
Children we are, imperfect, slow to learn,
Beginning as a race hundreds of years
To master poorly some most obvious truths.
But ripening time develops its sure work,
By which at last united in one song,

From Babel to

Speaking again one language, all mankind
Will give their Father voluntary love,—
Man's duty and the Father's recompense.



Brotherhood

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